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THE PARASITE

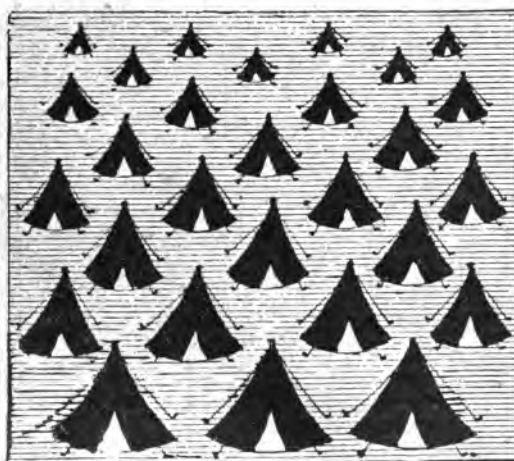
By **ARTHUR MEE**



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THE PROHIBITION CAMPS OF AMERICA AND THE BRITISH DOMINIONS



THE PARASITE

By ARTHUR MEE

With a Foreword by
DR. STUART HOLDEN, M. A.

**One Peace of Berlin we have had in our time; it was a
Peace without Honour**

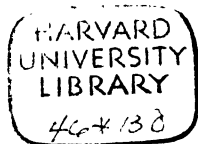
We will not be starved into another Peace like that

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Foreword

That after nearly four years of War there should be any justification for such a further indictment of the Drink Trade and of the Government as my friend Arthur Mee has framed, will be an amazement to those who in brighter days read the history of these stirring times. When every resource of material and man-power is needed for the successful prosecution of Great Britain's enormous task, when responsible Statesmen have declared that self-indulgence of every form renders practical help to our foes, when food-stuffs are so precious as to necessitate the most rigorous economy in their use, and when our Allies and Overseas Dominions have prohibited the manufacture and sale of Drink in the interests of victory, it seems incredible that the Government should still palter and parley about this thing. It might have been thought that the representations of Canada alone would have compelled righteous and courageous action. Her magnificent contribution to the Allied strength in the field gives a force both to her example and appeal in this matter which could only be flouted by the demands of some stronger influence. What that influence is will unmistakably be recognised by those who read these pages.

Their facts are beyond dispute, having been carefully verified in most cases from official sources. That they are somewhat ruthlessly displayed is part of the author's considered plan for arousing the nation to what is almost its greatest peril. The doctrine of the Hidden Hand has unfortunately received only too much justification of late in the conduct of our national affairs. In nothing, however, is its dominance so remorseless as in regard to the Drink Trade—perhaps because while it grips with one hand it enriches Political funds with the other. But a new day will dawn, when Britain, freed from the aggression of the Hun, will not tamely acquiesce in wearing the shackles of the Trade. The enfranchisement of women, and the war-gained strength of an enlightened democracy, will surely take a short way with this endowed curse. And this plain statement of the case cannot fail to prepare for that great day of the Lord.

November, 1917

J. STUART HOLDEN

The Parasite

THERE is throughout the realm of Nature a thing of universal scorn. In this world of beauty it is a thing most foul. It eats up millions of the human race. **It is the Parasite.**

It creeps through the world unclean and unashamed. It allies itself to almost every kind of living thing. It does no honest work; it serves no useful purpose. It loafs. It battens upon others from its birth to its ignoble death.

It will penetrate the living cells and dry them up. It crawls about the earth carrying cholera and plague among the human race. It will feed on a mind that can write immortal poems; it can destroy, as it did destroy, a Robert Louis Stevenson or a Napoleon. It is the master of the powers of darkness, the Parasite.

It lives in earth and air and sea. It feeds on plants and animals and men. It is hungry and unsatisfied, without pity and without mercy. It is an insect or a mammal, a fish or a bird; sometimes invisible, sometimes human. We know the human parasite and we know the social parasite, too, that lives on nations.

There is a Parasite that crawls through Britain in these cruel days. It creeps about like a German spy; pretending to be a friend, it sends an enervating stream of weakness through the land. It slows down those marvellous activities and boundless energies of the nation on which Europe depends. It cripples our resources and eats up our supplies. It sends its blasting influence through hospitals and railways and workshops and ships. As the parasite of yellow fever held back the Panama Canal, as the parasite of malaria held back progress in Africa and the East, the Parasite that creeps through Britain has held back victory from the Allies.

We know the parasites that have struck down millions of strong men in ages past; we can put them under the microscope and see them. Let us see this Parasite that afflicts our country in this bitter hour, and throws its withering shadow over Europe.

America Is In

The great fact of the war that stands out like the sun at noonday is that the English-speaking race must win it. It is not to be doubted that we shall win; the matchless heroism of our men in France will have its great reward. But how soon we shall win, and what price we shall pay, who shall tell us these things? We are winning slowly because we have not put forth all our strength.

But another great English-speaking Power comes into the arena; America steps in, and all the world knows that America is saving Europe. The war, when it is won, will be the greatest triumph Anglo-Saxondom has ever known. America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Motherland of them all, how splendidly they stand, a mighty phalanx of liberty! The hope of the world, the liberty of the coming generation, is in them. Think of the immortal things that they have done, and the mind reels with the wonder of it. They built in forty months a power that set at naught the plans that Germany had laid for forty years to wreck the world, and now, with the fourth winter of the war, the Allies have renewed their strength; America is in.

The heart of the world beats high as we see the great Republic, shaking herself free from her traditional isolation, bursting through the gates to take her stand with the Anglo-Saxon race. A spectacle it is for the gods and men to see these millions coming on, these vast encampments rising as in a night, America issuing forth her thousands of guns and millions of men and billions of money to set out on this great adventure which is to save mankind. Surely it brings the thought of Calvary to the mind, for America has given up peace and abundance to pass through the Valley of the Shadow of Death in this bitter Calvary of the human race.

And she fits herself worthily. She puts on the whole armour of God. She will leave no weapon unsharpened, no stone unturned. Peace and plenty and all must go. There shall be no liberty in America which stands in the way of the liberty of the world. It is a momentous decision, the expression of the stern resolve of a hundred million people who will not have these Red Men of Berlin marching across the earth like conquerors. Let us see how America sets out on her way.

She arrives in time to learn from our mistakes. She sees the things

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that have urged us on and the things that have kept us back. She is under no illusion about the part that Drink has played, and she treats the Parasite as she will treat the Germans when she meets them. She takes it away from her Army and her Fleet, but she does more than that—she registers a vow that this thing shall no more stand in the way of free America.

Within three months of her entry into the war America took two decisions against alcohol for which there is no parallel among nations. She closed the loophole by which Drink could be sent from outside States into Prohibition States, forbidding even advertisements of Drink to be posted to those States; and she took a definite step towards the submission of a Prohibition Amendment of the Constitution to the whole American people. Thus two of the first great acts of America on entering the war were to make effective the Prohibition law that already runs through half her States, and to prepare the way for the entire Prohibition of the Drink Traffic from New York to San Francisco, from Alaska to Panama.

Think of this. America stands on the platform that **All men are free**, and she proposes to add to her Constitution that **No man is free to drink**. America knows a Parasite when she sees it.

It will not do in these days to say that Prohibition is the talk of cranks. Are we to be asked to believe that America has deliberately adopted the policy of the fanatic and the crank? Has this great nation, saving the Allies from disaster, suddenly taken away the liberty of her people? Or has she chosen the way of efficiency and victory and honour?

The fact is that America has chosen the shortest path to victory; by land and by sea and in the air she will fight without alcohol. She will not have it in her steel works; she will not have it on her ships; she will not let it touch her camps. Not a senator in Washington, not a member of Congress can get it. These great laws that are shaping America's part in the war are all being passed in a Prohibition Parliament. Are they really mad laws? Are they really the follies of little fools?

All the world knows that America is adopting Prohibition because she has tested it, and because it has stood the test. She has had the Parasite round her neck as we have it round ours, but she has flung it off. Drink tried to keep her out of the War, but she flung it off and

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came in. It has corrupted her Parliaments as it corrupts ours, but she has dealt it a smashing blow. She has had to deal with men who like it, as we have; she finds them at her furnaces, in her mines, and in her harvest fields, but she has dealt with them and not allowed their luxury to jeopardise her national liberty.

America will be clean and strong, and leave this Parasite to crawl about in lands that want it.

America Knows

Everybody will remember the change that came over the minds of the Allies when America came in. There was an instinct of boundless power, and a feeling that nothing on the earth could now hold back the victory. America stands for ideas, for achievement. She succeeds on the gigantic scale. When such a country sets out to destroy a widespread trade, to break a social habit, there must be sound reason for it. What is behind America's attitude to alcohol?

The secret is that America knows what alcohol does. She has known it ever since Drink sent out its devotee to murder Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln gave his life to stop slavery, but he said of Drink that it was a stronger bondage, a viler slavery, and a greater tyranny still. He led America safely through the Civil War, but he said that if the grandeur of revolutions is reckoned by the amount of misery they alleviate and the little they cause, then the revolution that abolishes Drink will be the noblest ever seen, and he craved for America the proud distinction of leading the world in this crusade.

"What a noble ally is Prohibition to the cause of political freedom!" he said. "With such an aid its march cannot fail to be on and on, and when the victory shall be complete, where there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth, how proud the title of that land which can claim to be the birthplace and the cradle of both these revolutions! How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nourished to maturity both the political and moral freedom of mankind!"

On the very day of his assassination Lincoln talked of the overthrow of Drink, and said to a friend: "The next snarl we have to straighten out is the Liquor question." But that night the liquor traffic that he might have overthrown got hold of him, and there was still a saloon in Washington, when they flung Drink out of the State, which

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bragged that it was from there a drunken man set out to murder Lincoln.

Lincoln is dead, but America has justified abundantly his faith in Prohibition. No young man who drinks can hope to be of much account in America now. He may as well give up any ambition he has. It is not only the insurance companies that have tried alcohol and condemned it. The figures that show the shortening of life by even moderate drinking have done their work; but it is in the workshop that the battle has been won. "The doctrine of heaven and hell has not won this war against Drink," a great steel firm writes, "but the doctrine of efficiency will."

The whole industrial experience of America, whether we take the greatest steel works, the greatest railways, or the greatest harvest-fields in the world, shows that workmen are more efficient and more enduring without alcohol.

They hear nothing in America now of the rubbish about upsetting a great industry. They have a generation of experience to judge by. In Portland, Oregon, the people see the Rainer Brewery, which employed 156 men in making beer, now giving employment to 1600 men as a tannery. They see the Portland Brewery, which employed 100 men in making beer, now giving work to 500 men in making furniture. They see the Pacific Coast Brewery, formerly employing 125 men on beer, now employing 2500 men on boots.

The *Times* opposes Prohibition in this country, but its Washington correspondent tells us that in the Northern States temperance has become part of industrial efficiency, while in the South the argument for it is the wish to make the negro a useful member of society—"his capacity for crime decreases, and his capacity for work grows as you keep whisky from him."

So much for the workshops. America has been learning also from her cities. It is said that Prohibition is impossible over any large population. Well, half the people and three-quarters of the territory of America are under it, and it is the result of this unparalleled experience that has brought the whole nation to the eve of a national vote for or against the Parasite. There is hardly a doubt how the vote will go. One of the first great acts in the moral reconstruction of the world when peace comes will be the Amendment of the Constitution of the United States with a **Monroe Doctrine against Alcohol**. Every saloon and brewery in America will shut up its doors.

It seems unnecessary to devote much space to the facts that are con-

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verting all America. They would fill an encyclopedia, and there is no room for them here. But we will take one example.

Prohibition came into force in Colorado on the first day of 1916. Arrests for all offences dropped from 14,000 to 10,000 for the year. The 402 cells of the county gaol in Denver, hitherto packed, dropped to 75 people a day. The Savings Bank in Denver had its record year. Those who predicted that Prohibition would kill travel found that 1916 was the greatest tourist year in Colorado's history. Denver had voted wet in all the fights for Prohibition; she voted wet in 1910, 1912, 1914 and 1915; but Prohibition won in the State, and Denver had an experience worth more than many years' campaigning. She had nine months under Prohibition, and in October she voted again, and she voted dry.

The facts about Kansas read like fiction. They carry conviction to all save those who profit by the ruin of nations. Prohibition in America has never had quite a fair chance, because until the war began no Prohibition State could stop another State from sending liquor in; but in spite of this the results were incredible, and now that this loophole has been closed America is looking forward to an accession of prosperity that will astonish the world.

Mr. Edison Speaks for America

Mr. Edison has been looking out upon the war and saying what he thinks; and what he thinks is that the British character is too much given to sport and Drink, willing to endure too many cheap clerks and too many beer barons in Parliament.

We stupefied our men with alcohol to keep their wages low and make profit for our titled brewers. We have kept our workers underfed and over-beered, so that they have lost their power to think, with the result that when Germany directed at the Englishman the greatest shock the world has ever known, it looked at first as if she might succeed, because our men had been beered too much for quick patriotic reaction.

Mr. Edison does not stand alone. The following is from the the "National Enquirer" of America:

It is an amazing spectacle! The nation is fighting for its life. If Germany wins, the British Empire will dissolve and the Island become little more than a second-rate nation, yet the Drink power keeps its grip and the people seem incapable of realising their danger.

The people of the United States, in much less danger, see more

TRYING TO KEEP AMERICA OUT

3

clearly, and so do the people of the British Dominions. But this condition cannot continue. In the near future this country will prohibit the use of grain in the manufacture of drink. That will be followed with a protest against shipping to England any grain whatever if she continues to manufacture her own into liquor. She will be brought to a quick choice, for our people will not be willing to go on short rations to allow the breweries of England to keep going.

The most influential flour-milling journal in the world is the Minneapolis "North-Western Miller." This is what it says:

Since the United States will be called upon to make food sacrifices on behalf of the Allies, it is certainly in order to call to account the stewardship of Great Britain in regard to food supplies. The food supply for the Allies is no longer a local proposition, to be used as a football in British politics; it deeply concerns the people of the United States, who are not called upon to deny themselves bread that Britain shall have Drink.

Trying to Keep America Out

If America had seen the destructive work of Drink in peace, she had seen its havoc in war. She knew it as the greatest agent of the Kaiser outside Berlin. She knew too well what Drink had done for Belgium, how Booze and Boche went hand in hand to lay waste that little land. Those who want to know the truth can easily satisfy themselves of the part that Drink played in those unparalleled infamies that have made Belgium what it is. The American Minister in Belgium wrote to Washington: "The breweries are the one institution the Germans scrupulously respect." The sympathetic chord was there. When Germany spares breweries in Belgium the dullest mind can imagine the sort of work they did.

But America knew from evidence nearer home of the infamous alliance between the Drink Trade and the Kaiser. Behind the German-American Alliance, through which most of the German propaganda was done, stood a solid phalanx of brewers. A Drink Trade official with a salary of £8,000 a year was head of the best-known pro-German organisation in the States. Booze is the Kaiser's ally everywhere. In Belgium it wreaked horrible cruelties on the population; in Britain it delayed our shells and destroyed our food; in Russia Germany has used it to break up the Revolution; in America it threatened to hold up all war legislation unless it could have its way.

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There is an eloquent passage in a speech by the President of the German-American Alliance not long ago. He told a meeting at Milwaukee that:

We will not allow our two-thousand-year culture to be trodden down in this land. Many are giving our German culture to this land through their children, but that is possible only if we stand together and conquer that dark spirit of Muckerdom and Prohibition.

Muckerdom is that spirit of America which brings new light to the nations of Europe; Prohibition is the power behind it that drives America and makes her strong, and the President of the German-American Alliance does not like these things. He is against Prohibition and Muckerdom. Let us thank the man of Milwaukee for that word. It is the Liquor Traffic's view of America and the high aims of the Allies, of all the fine and noble things in civilisation—Muckerdom.

America knows quite well how the Drink men tried to keep her out of the war. The fund to be spent by Count Bernstorff for influencing Congress would almost certainly have been spent through the German-American Alliance. The American newspapers have published letters revealing the plot of the Alliance for interfering with war legislation, and it was this brewers' organisation which sought to stop the export of munitions, to modify the President's constitutional rights, and to weaken the Government for the benefit of a foreign Power.

We need not be surprised that America quickly made up her mind about an enemy like this. She was driving it out in peace; she knew how to act in war. She is in the war to win, and she moves like a conqueror. Lord Northcliffe found the war hourly becoming "more and more part of the visible public life." He found all saloons within five miles of the military camps closed, and nobody protesting; and he summarised the view of America: "The United States are at war. Saloons are not good for war. Close them."

The *Times* is eloquent concerning these drastic restraints on individual liberty. So is the *Daily Mail*. "America thinks long," it says, "then suddenly launches a smashing blow, and everything is changed. Discussion ceases and the cobweb of debate is swept aside." They love liberty, the *Daily Mail* goes on to say, but they put it in its place when it hinders public good: "Drink is bad round camps, and they don't beat about the bush and talk of compromise. They don't dodge the issue and talk of vested interests and compensation: they shut up the saloon." It is good to find Lord Northcliffe and his papers in love with Prohibition;

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it would be good for Britain and the Allies if they would love it nearer home. How many days would it take the *Daily Mail* to cut out from our midst this paralyzing blight that hinders us and hampers us in war and is like a cancer at the heart in peace? It would cover itself with immortal glory and win forgiveness for all its sins.

If Drink is bad round American camps, it is bad round British camps; and if it is bad round American camps in America, it is bad round American camps in England. Is it not time we ceased to fool ourselves and scorn our Allies? America is in deadly earnest. The Surgeon-General of her Army stated, on the eve of her entrance into the war, that more than half the rejections of recruits were due to Drink, and the Minister for War, in equipping the American army for Europe, wrote to the State Governors begging their help in protecting soldiers. We may well commend his words to those who sit somewhere in Whitehall:

We cannot allow these young men to be surrounded by vicious environments. The greater proportion will be made up of young men not accustomed to the saloon, and we have an inescapable responsibility to their families and communities. We are bound, as a military necessity, to do everything to promote the health and conserve the vitality of men in the training camps, and I am determined that our camps shall not be places of temptation and peril.

America knows. She has tried the military machine with Drink and without it. Listen to these words from the Commander of the sixth American Division, Major-General O'Ryan. He told his 37,000 men that their job was to whip the enemy hard with the least loss to themselves. They must drop all useless loads, every part of their machine must be healthy, strong and dependable. And then this Commander goes on:

This cannot be done if we are to permit booze into our military machine. Alcohol is a breeder of inefficiency. All affected by it cease for the time to be normal. Some become forgetful, others quarrelsome; some become noisy, some get sick, some get sleepy; others have their passions greatly stimulated. When you stop to consider the thousands in a division, do you not see how vital to efficiency is the elimination of liquor? How can a division be ever-ready, ever upon the bit to drive ahead or thrust back the enemy's drive, if through the presence of this insidious evil some forget orders, or become noisy when silence is essential, fall asleep when every faculty should be alert, or are absent from their posts?

Who does not feel the thrill of victory when he reads of this spirit behind an army already millions strong? Ask the American Commander in Europe. General Pershing knows a soldier when he sees him, he knows the way of victory, and he is a Prohibitionist. It was he who adopted Prohibition in the Mexican Expedition, when sentinels were

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posted at the doors of saloons and no soldier was allowed to enter. . There was never a healthier army anywhere, and the absence of venereal disease forms a red-letter page in the history of armies. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail* has been to see General Pershing, and he says:

The vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy move him not. As an old campaigner he knows that the best drink for a soldier on active service is mineral water or tea.

No wonder the American Fleet has come without a drop of alcohol on board. No wonder it is a crime to give a soldier Drink on any square foot of the United States. No wonder alcohol has been kicked out of the Pharmacopoeia of America. No wonder that when Congress stopped the manufacture of whisky last September the United States came within five votes in the Senate of the entire Prohibition of all forms of alcohol.

The founders of the United States knew well what Lincoln knew, what General Pershing knows, and it is on the record that the Continental Congress of America, on February 27, 1777, solemnly resolved:

That it be recommended to the legislatures of the United States immediately to pass laws for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling grain, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived if not quickly prevented.

Time has passed and proved it true, and what is it that we see? We see America coming on to save the liberties of Europe, and we see her shaking herself free from this Parasite that prowls among the Allies, seeking whom it may weaken and whom it may devour.

The English-Speaking Race Must Win the War

We have seen that the military policy of America is based on Prohibition. It is the policy of the Empire too. Of 110,000,000 English-speaking people overseas, 70,000,000 live under Prohibition. It is very nearly true to say that there is not an Overseas English-speaking soldier at the Front who has not come from a Prohibition camp.

The English-speaking peoples have gone out into the world; they come back to help the Motherland, and they come fit and at their best. What are the biggest things the English-speaking race has done overseas in these last few years? The Panama Canal—it was built under Prohibi-

THE RACE THAT MUST WIN THE WAR

tion. The railway across Australia—it was built under Prohibition. The equipment of 3,000,000 soldiers for the Allies—trained in Canada, Australasia, and America under Prohibition. The amazing development of American railways—run by men who are instantly dismissed if they touch Drink on duty. The building up of the biggest steel furnaces in the world—no man need apply for promotion if he touches alcohol. America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, build up their military strength, as they build up their economic strength, free from alcohol; it is only in the United Kingdom that our winning armies are hampered and crippled by this devastating trade. How long is it to be true that there is not a single camp in England which has done what Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and America have done to protect their troops?

Every sane man in free Europe thanks God for the United States. If Britain and France have won mastery in the war, America will win the peace. Is she to win it with Canada and Australasia throwing their full strength into the arena while the Motherland of the race fights with the Drink Trade round her neck? We do not want to be humiliated at the spectacle of a clean, efficient Empire with a Motherland ruled by Drink. To the end of the world men will talk of Vimy Ridge and Paschendaele and of Gallipoli; the spirit of our Dominions is one of the uplifting wonders of the war.

Let us look at Canada. The Dominion Parliament has not faced the issue squarely, but the people are sound, and in the provinces they have faced it and set all Canada ringing with good news. Everywhere, except in sparsely-populated Yukon and in parts of Quebec, the sale of Drink is stopped.

And what has happened in Canada's first year of Prohibition? In Manitoba the first three months without Drink reduced all crimes by 58 per cent. In Ontario the population of the gaols has been reduced by 40 per cent. Under Drink, when war began, there were in Toronto 150 military police to keep order in the streets; under Prohibition every one of these has been removed **and 100 ordinary police as well**. In Alberta the figures for a year of Prohibition are completed as this book goes to press, and they are astonishing. They show the average number of crimes of all kinds under the last four years of Drink and under Prohibition, and the reduction is 59 per cent. They are remarkable enough to put on record in these days when men are thinking of Reconstruction everywhere. They are for cities of Alberta, from 1912 to 1915 under Drink, and for the first year under Prohibition:

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	Average of 4 Drink Years	1 Year Under Prohibition	Decrease in all Crime
Calgary	4032	1663	58 per cent.
Edmonton	3938	884	75 per cent.
Lethbridge	871	560	53 per cent.
Medicine Hat	909	404	51 per cent.

In the Prohibition training camps the experience has been the same; among 30,000 soldiers at Niagara there were absolutely no crimes.

The new experience of Canada bears out the old experience of the United States. There are in America 500,000 crimes a year. If the crimes throughout the States were at the rate of the Prohibition States, the total would be 215,000 less; if they were at the rate of Prohibition Kansas, the half-million cases of crime would be about 300,000 less. Pauperism throughout Drink States in America is enormously higher than in the States without Drink. Under Drink the State of Alabama had 1639 grand jury cases in 1913; in 1916, under Prohibition, there were 929. The inquests for murder were reduced, under Prohibition, from 92 to 58, and in the town of Birmingham, deaths fell from 2749 to 2288, and crime was reduced by 42 per cent.

Even in the United Kingdom, under the partial Prohibition of this crime-producing trade, twenty prisons have been closed since the war began, and we may give the credit for this achievement largely to the Control Board, which the brewers have been resisting since the day when it was formed. You have only to stop Drink to stop crime, disease, cruelty, accidents, labour unrest, and half the miseries of life in an almost incredible degree. The chief drawback to stopping Drink is that prison labour grows scarce. The Highway Commissioner of Washington State, where convicts mend the roads, reports that the number of convicts has so decreased under Prohibition that they can do no road work for two years; and a telegram from Port Arthur, the chief Canadian Port on Lake Superior, says:

The local prison authorities are at their wits' end to know how to carry on. The fine building has been so poorly patronised of late that his been necessary to hire six labourers to work on the prison farm. Prohibition is said to have interfered with the usual supply of labour.

The *Vancouver World* has this vivid note in its news:

One City jail to let; owing to Prohibition there is no further use for it. Net saving to the ratepayers of Vancouver \$10,000 a year. We told you so.

But better still is the opinion of the Assistant Chief of Provincial

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Police in Manitoba, who has watched Prohibition working for 15 months and says:

Manitoba will never go back to the open bar. No, never. And I'll tell you the reason why. There are more kids with boots on their feet throughout the province than there ever were before.

There comes to hand from New Zealand, as this book is being finished, the report of the National Efficiency Board appointed by the Government to inquire into the influence of Drink on the war, and it is a weighty document. The Board has found that the two chief factors in the continuance of the Drink Trade are custom and financial interest, and it is satisfied that the greatest efficiency would be obtained, both for the nation and the individual, by permanent Prohibition.

Throughout the British Empire Prohibition works its way, while the Drink Trade prowls in every street and camp in Britain. Is the Empire right or wrong? Is Canada right or wrong in refusing to turn her grain into whisky? Is America right or wrong in keeping Drink from her camps? Is New Zealand facing ruin or prosperity in facing Total Prohibition? Is Australia right or wrong in refusing to allow this trade to fuddle the brains of her Anzac troops? We know they are right, and every man who loves his country thanks God that everywhere the children of the Motherland have found the dauntless courage and the singleness of purpose that have not yet arrived at Downing Street. What America thinks of us we know; we have only to read some of her papers, which ask how long Americans are to go short of bread to supply our British brewers; or we can take the opinion of a man like Edison, who has nothing but contempt for the way our War Governments have bowed down before our beer barons and flung their titles far and wide among our food destroyers. The King declares that this trade prolongs the war, his Governments fling his honours to it, and America, with only liberty to serve, comes in to win.

To Mr. Lloyd George

If the whisky we turn into shells does Germany half the harm Drink has done to us, every patriot will be satisfied, you say.

Then is it loyal to our Allies to let our Drink do more harm to the cause than our shells do to Germany?

The Parasite that creeps through Britain

Drink, what did you do in the Great War? History will tell us. There has been no greater friend of Germany in Europe than the Drink Trade in Great Britain. Our brewers have helped the Kaiser more than all his submarines: their Drink has been the greatest German ally outside Berlin.

It kept back guns and shells when our men were dying for them.

It held back ships that were taking out vital supplies.

It kept men idle when the safety of the Army depended on them.

It seriously delayed the manufacture of explosives.

It stopped the sailing of reinforcements for hard-pressed troops.

It has lured from our people £700,000,000 in these years of war; it draws ten shillings a week on an average from every home.

It destroyed five million tons of food while famine came on.

It used up hundreds of millions of cubic feet of shipping and consumed millions of tons of coal.

It turned thousands of soldiers into moral and physical wrecks; it was the chief partner in the traffic of venereal disease.

It ruined thousands of homes of soldiers, tempted their women, and starved their little children.

It made trouble in shipyards and workshops and docks.

It arrayed itself against Lord Kitchener and the Admiralty.

It exploited the chief bad habit of the nation in the nation's bitter need; it grew rich beyond its dreams and never lost a penny through the war.

It can all be proved. You have only to look at the Blue Books or read the papers.

Who does not blush to think of the work this Parasite has been allowed to do in these three years? Its track is spread with ruin and shame. While every honest trade has been straining every nerve to help the war, this trade has registered its chief results in police courts and courtmartials, in broken homes and disorganized workshops. Once more the world has seen that you have only to open taprooms and all the evils on the earth have found a friend. Give liberty to this trade and any despot is safe and any free people is imperilled.

Drink sends out its devotees to do their work in the world, now to murder an Abraham Lincoln, now to suffocate a child in its sleep, now to check a hundred thousand men who were making shells to keep back

PARASITE THAT CREEPS THROUGH BRITAIN

Germany. Can we point to one spot in the whole area of war and say, "There and there Drink helped us?" It sent a British captain to fire on a hospital ship at sea. It helped to cram our hospital beds with hundreds of thousands of cases of venereal disease. It has struck down limbless soldiers and left them lying helpless on the seashore. It has sent armed soldiers firing in the streets of cities. It has turned girls of sixteen into drunkards and sent them drunk into explosive works. It has sent its agents into hospitals to interfere with operations on wounded soldiers. Even Shakespeare, when he thought of Drink, could think of no other name for it than devil.

And it is this thing our Governments have played with, fooled with, bowed down to, and quailed before.

It is as probable as anything can be that but for Drink the war would be over now. There is no more terrible official paper of the war than the House of Commons Return 220, 1915. It shows Drink as the Kaiser's ally prowling in our midst. It was the document that convinced the King that Drink must go.

It would fill this book to tell the story over again, but let us look back to a week in that critical period of our history. The German Army was coming on, building itself inside its walls of steel. What was the greatest private trade in Britain doing then? Let us take the sort of things that happened in any week of the spring of 1915, mentioning no case that the man who writes is not prepared to prove in a court of law.

A shell firm informed the Admiralty that two public-houses outside the works were greatly interfering with its output.

The Director of Naval Equipment warned the Admiralty that the Tyneside shipyards might come to a standstill at any moment.

Every case of 1000 shells turned out by a great firm was 100 short through Drink.

An explosive firm declared that Drink was making it impossible to supply the War Office with its orders for T.N.T.

The Director of Transports appealed for all Drink to be prohibited, or supplies to the Army and Navy might be stopped.

An officer arrived at the Grand Fleet with disquieting news of labour unrest; in every case repairs were seriously delayed.

The lost labour through Drink in controlled works alone was equal to the work of 150,000 men.

Urgent reinforcements of 1000 troops were delayed a day and a night at Southampton through Drink.

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All the riveters repairing a stranded battleship spent a whole day in a publichouse and refused all appeals to go to the ship.

The Admiralty received news of a ship whose men were so drunk that the captain and pilot had to clear the ropes.

Over thirty men were absent from a transport in the Bristol Channel, so that the vessel had to call at another port for help.

Drunken firemen placed a ship in grave danger on South Coast.

Terrible scenes were witnessed in a camp after closing the canteen. Bricks were thrown, fifty shots fired, and a soldier killed.

The Mayor of Tynemouth said he would be recreant in his duty to the country if he did not call attention to the brutalising of townspeople and the conduct of the "waster" element in the Drink Trade.

Seamen on a hospital ship were so drunk that they interfered with the stretcher-bearers and fell across the wounded.

Our breweries and distilleries destroyed 30,000 tons of coal, 30,000 tons of grain, and 2000 tons of sugar.

That is the work of the Drink Trade in one week of the war. It may be said that all that is past, but it is the work of the Parasite all the time. The Government knew these things; they watched the national tragedy go from bad to worse. Then, afraid to strike the German ally down, they appointed a Board to control it.

The Control Board has done wonders, and most of all it has shown that all this time the Government was frightened by a ghost. These thirteen men sitting round a table did without a murmur things the House of Commons had been afraid to do for a generation. The nation has cause to be profoundly grateful to Lord D'Abernon and his colleagues, but there have been 400 Acts in 400 years for the control of Drink, and the work of the Board was not enough. It was like controlling the German Army to control this trade, and the central lesson of the Control Board is that Drink cannot be effectively controlled. The interference with the war went on. 1915 ended; 1916 came, and what were the things that were happening when 1917 began?

6000 hours were lost in one week in one port alone.

Sixteen ships were delayed at Liverpool, where Drink was still the greatest danger among 70,000 men, said the "Daily Mail."

Fifty firemen were missing one day from ships in one port.

100 men were in prison in one port for failing to join ships.

Lost time, according to the "Times" engineering correspondent, was almost as bad as at the beginning of the war.

THE FACTS BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT

The Admiral at Dover said, Drink undermined the efficiency of patrol vessels, assisted the enemy, and imperilled many lives.

A house in Westminster, reeking with filth, was packed with drunken troops from overseas, and the Crown Solicitor said it would be better if the police could sweep such places off the earth.

Public-houses were found full of girls and drunken soldiers.

A boy of seventeen, mad drunk, was tried for murdering a boy of sixteen in the Royal Scots Fusiliers... "Was there no restraining hand to prevent young boys from fuddling themselves in canteens?" asked the Judge.

Such was the evidence awaiting the War Council when Mr. Lloyd George formed his Government.

The Facts Before the Government

Neyer was a nation more solemnly warned. The Admiralty had stood for Prohibition all the time. Lord Kitchener took his stand against Drink at the beginning of the war, side by side with the King, and even Lord Lansdowne declared the influence of the Drink Trade to be a scandal and a peril. They are not fanatics. They are not temperance reformers. They want to win the war, and they know what Drink is doing. It was on the strength of the White Paper which convinced these men, with its official revelations of the Drink Trade's "frightfulness," that Mr. Lloyd George warned us that Drink was worse than U-Boats, more horrible than war. He was not thinking merely of the deviltries of Drink in our soldiers' homes, of its destruction of food, of its blighting shadow on the lives of little children. He was thinking rather of its work in actually hindering the war.

It cannot be said, therefore, that the Government did not know. As if facts were not enough, five stern witnesses faced the Cabinet on New Year's Day in 1917.

One was the Control Board, which told the Government that after eighteen months it could do no more, and that Drink was still hampering the war.

The second was the "Times," which told the Government that the Drink trouble in our workshops was hardly less than when the White Paper came out.

The third witness was the "Daily Mail," crying out day after day against the interference of Drink with our ships.

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The fourth was a group of 2450 of the most distinguished men in this country, who attested that these things were true.

Four tolerable witnesses, none of them cranks. But, as if this were not enough to strengthen the Government, there came into the box a witness grim as death and gaunt as famine—the ghost of four million tons of food destroyed. The Royal Society produced its scientific evidence that Drink was interfering with the energy of our people and sacrificing enormous quantities of food that might stave off hunger.

It was at a time like this that Mr. Lloyd George came face to face at last with this enemy he himself had said must be struck down before we could strike down Germany. He saw that tinkering and controlling had failed. He had power to carry out the root-and-branch methods he had declared to be the only remedy. What did the Government do with these witnesses? It put their documents in its pocket and did nothing.

Drink was still holding back the war. Our people were spending more on Drink than they had ever spent on bread. The war was well on in its third year, and the scandal and the peril continued. The Battle of Jutland had been fought, and we had greatly missed those torpedo craft that Drink had been holding back. But a greater peril yet was coming on, for the shadow of famine was over the land. If one thing in the world is certain it is that Drink gave the submarine its opportunity.

But even now, with all these witnesses before it, with all the frightfulness of Drink still rampant, the Government looked on. It waited some months and then reduced the Drink supply, but Drink still stalked through Britain as Germany stalks through Belgium. It traffics in degradation and disaster; it lives on ignorance, poverty, and weakness; it thrives on ruin and decay. And in those early days of 1917, after eighteen months of work in which it had succeeded beyond all expectation, the Government had in its possession the Control Board's confession that Drink had baffled it. During its beneficent sway twenty prisons had been closed, public drinking had decreased, but the Board declared that it could do no more—that it issued its orders and they were not observed, and Drink still hampered the prosecution of the war.

It was a tragic situation for any Government to find itself in after two years of warning, and history will hardly believe that the Government saw this national tragedy grow worse, and watched it with a craven fear.

Prohibition for the War Would Have Saved

Enough shipping to transport the American Army

A National Bread Reserve for 47 weeks

A National Sugar Reserve for 38 weeks

£1,200,000,000 spent on Drink and its results

Transport and man-power for lifting 60,000,000 tons

The lost labour of hundreds of thousands of men

The waste of 100,000 trains of 200 tons

An enormous strain on the Red Cross

The deaths of probably 100,000 children

The waste of 1,000,000 acres of cultivated land

Prohibition Now Would

Save 1,000,000 tons of shipping a year, equal to 160 voyages of a 6000 ton wheatship

Save the need for Compulsory Bread Rations

Save £350,000,000 a year on Drink and its results

Turn breweries into productive works

Save 850,000 tons of grain a year, enough for 380,000,000 bread rations for the United Kingdom

Save over 1000 tons of sugar a week, enough for 270,000,000 sugar rations for the United Kingdom

Establish the only equal system of Bread Rations

Save wagons, vehicles, and horses for transporting about 10,000,000 tons a year

Transfer vast quantities of petrol and coal from wasteful to productive uses

Save the waste of 1,000,000 acres of land

Abolish the need for National Service Department

Save thousands of little children's lives

Probably cut crime in two, and

Lay the foundations of an enduring Reconstruction.

The Witnesses

These 12 witnesses knocked at the door of Downing Street within a few weeks of the formation of Mr. Lloyd George's Government.

The Control Board said Drink was still hampering the successful prosecution of the War.

The Royal Society said quantities of food were lost in breweries; that even a slight reduction in our food would cause a large loss of working efficiency; and that America's experience showed a greater military and economic efficiency without alcohol.

The "Times" said the Labour trouble through Drink was hardly less than at the beginning of the War.

The "Daily Mail" said Drink was gravely interfering with ships.

100 Admirals and Generals said—Drink hampers the Navy and hinders the Army; it delays transports, places them at the mercy of submarines, slows down repairs, and congests the docks.

100 Peers, M. P.'s, and Privy Councillors said—Believing that no sacrifice is too great, and that rich and poor should bear it, we ask the Government to withdraw all Drink licences.

500 Magistrates said—The waste of £500,000 a day on alcohol is a fact of pitiful significance. With their high wages our people dig pits of sorrow instead of building up reserves of power and independence.

500 Doctors said—With the weakening power of alcohol removed, our national effort against the enemy would have gathered increased strength.

200 Munition Controllers said—The constant sapping of men's energies by alcohol endangers our supplies of munitions.

100 Municipal Leaders said—The power exerted by alcohol cuts through the efficiency of the nation, weakens our fighting forces, and must lengthen the War.

100 Scientists said—It is not to be questioned that in all causes for apprehension alcohol is the greatest single factor that can be controlled.

100 Authors and Artists said—We believe a golden moment has arrived for our country, that, prepared by the example of the King and Lord Kitchener, the nation is ready for the sacrifice of Drink.

The Great Waste

"I am sorry to say we have great organisations which exist to encourage waste. That is not the ostensible reason for their existence, but it is their effect."
Sir Auckland Geddes.

You talk of the waste of Dolls and Dress, Sir Auckland; but have you forgotten Drink? And what of those great Government organisations that bolster Drink up?

1. The Food Controller is contemplating compulsory rations, with 50,000,000 printed tickets every week.

Prohibition would save all this waste of labour.

2. Thousands of capable business men are giving their time to War Saving meetings.

Prohibition would save twice as much every week as small savers are investing in War Loan.

3. Your predecessor spent £200,000 in placing 50,000 people in National Service.

But the Prime Minister has told us that by a single stroke, without any new machinery, stopping Drink would add the equal of 150,000 men to munition works.

4. The National Service Scheme placed 5000 people on the land.

But 40,000 labourers are used up all the time for growing barley for beer, and Prohibition would set them free for growing bread.

5. The National Service announced that 500 men could not be released for fighting because they could not get women to take their places.

But at least 100,000 women were serving out Drinks in public-houses.

How Drink Helps the U-Boat and Hampers the Fleet

It was Drink that gave the U-Boats their opportunity by destroying our food reserves. But more directly still Drink helps them.

The skipper of a trawler, a fine fellow, could not keep off Drink. One day the trawler was attacked by a submarine. The first shot went through the deck-house, and smashed the wheel in the skipper's hands. He went on steering with the broken spokes. A second shot carried away the cook's galley; a third went through the stern. Then two shots from the trawler sent the submarine below. The skipper came to his officer and said: "Well, you have asked me for a long time to give up Drink. I swear off it now. If I had been on the burst the night before I should not have hit that submarine." That trawler became the terror of the U-boats.

That is what happens when a man leaves Drink alone. Compare it with the case of the captain of a British ship now in prison for having, under the influence of Drink, ordered his gunner to **fire on a British hospital ship**.

Or compare it with the disservice Drink has rendered to the British Fleet. In the Battle of Jutland, said the *Times* correspondent, the German Fleet must have outnumbered our own in torpedo craft, of which our Fleet was notoriously short. But why was our Fleet short? Partly because Drink had delayed the building of torpedo-craft. So grave was the situation that the captain in charge of the building of torpedo-boat destroyers advised the Admiralty that the only way of speeding up the work seemed to be enlisted labour or restrictions on public-houses near shipyards.

Nothing effective was done; public-houses near shipyards went on their merry way; and at the beginning of this year both the *Times* and the *Daily Mail* were telling the Government that things were hardly any better; that Drink was interfering greatly with the war; and at the end of October, 1917, an Admiral asserted in the *Daily Mail* that the Battle of Jutland was indecisive because at a critical moment the whole Fleet changed its course to avert a threatened torpedo attack.

The Drink Ships

Nothing is sacred to the Parasite; food, ships, money, men, he uses up them all. The true story of our Drink ships, if it could be told, would rouse the nation as one man to sweep Drink from our land.

It was the destruction of millions of tons of food for Drink, the breaking down of our vital reserves, that gave the submarines their opportunity; with Prohibition and food conservation all through the war the U-boats would not have been worth while.

Yet all the time this food-destroying trade was using up the ships which gave us our security. We have lost nearly two million tons of shipping in a single year, as much if not more than we have built since war began. Through the greater part of 1917 the submarines sank over 100 British ships a month.

Never before has an island nation been placed in such a case. We have to supply the transports of victory; the ships that fly the British flag are life and death to the Allies. You would have thought that not an ounce of stuff that could be saved would be put on these ships now; but the hidden hand of Drink is on our merchant fleet.

The first duty of a British Government at war was to remember that we are an island, and to fill our barns with food. We might have had our barns so packed that we could laugh at submarines. But our barns are not full. We are asked to eat as little as we can, and the ships used for Drink since war began would have brought in wheat enough to feed the United Kingdom for a year. A great Reserve Food Fleet we should have made of all these ships had we put our full strength into the war. What has actually happened is that these ships have brought to this country over 5,000,000 tons of food which have been destroyed for Drink.

The Drink Fleet since war began has been equal to 75 ships of 6000 tons **working all the time**. Such a ship used for food will make four voyages in a year, so that **we have thrown away on our war drinking 900 voyages of wheat ships**. The figures are grave enough, but let us look at their terrible significance. Think of the story of the Australian wheat, told on another page. All that wheat we could have had in the United Kingdom now if our Drink ships had been free to fetch it. But Sir Arthur Yapp has shown us another mighty use to which our Drink

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ships could be put. He tells us that for every 100,000 tons of food we save by eating less we can set free transport for 28,000 American troops. It is a telling figure, and it means that our fleet of 75 Drink ships working all the time, had they brought in food for saving instead of for destroying, would now have been equal to **the transport of the entire American Army**. The greatest American problem we have to face, Sir Arthur Yapp says, is transport. Had we made our Drink Fleet into a Food Reserve Fleet at the beginning of the war, we could now have set free for America 200 ships of 6000 tons each for the whole of 1918:

It may be said that the chance is gone; but it is not entirely gone, for we have a Drink Fleet still, and it is using up a million tons of shipping every year. Drink in 1918 will use up 160 voyages of a 6000-ton ship, or a fleet of 40 wheat-ships working all the year. They would bring from America an army of 280,000 men.

It is nothing to say that these ships have done their work already, and brought in the food Drink will destroy, for **this food can still be saved, and every ton we save saves shipping too.**

We all thank God for America: let us help her to get over. We have seen our flag stained in her harbours in these last few months by a spectacle too pitiful for words, for in these dire times, while we cry to America for food, we sent America thousands of casks of whisky made from our food supplies, and America, who has stopped this treachery to the Allies, **refused to take them in and sent them back**, because she is too busy getting ready for the war to hang this Drink about her neck. **On whose side are we—Drink's or America's?**

The Daily Prayer of the House of Commons

That we, having Thy fear always before our eyes and laying aside all private interests, prejudices, and partial affections, may consider the public health, peace, and tranquility of these realms.

How Drink Keeps Back Transport From the Front

You would have thought double winter rations for our drinkers would have satisfied our brewers in such a time of stress; but a Government so responsive to a nod and a wink is presented with many ultimatums, and we have now to consider what must surely be the most abject surrender any Government has ever made to an enemy within its gate.

One of the British discoveries of the war was the need for railways in France, and the British Commander called insistently for lines and locomotives and trucks. We put up fares at home. We cut off trains. We sent thousands of wagons and engines to France. Lord Milner explained the great waste of transport in the House of Lords and the Prime Minister in the Commons, and both insisted on the urgent need for saving it. The great waste of transport caused by beer on the railways had become a very serious matter indeed, said Lord Milner: "Barrels are bulky, different brewers will not use one another's barrels, so that each barrel must be returned empty. Beer is often sent to distant places—from Scotland to the South of England—which contributes to the congestion of railways and reacts on the inefficiency of the ports."

Nor is it railway transport only that beer congests. Millions of tons of Drink stuff must be moved about all the time; millions of barrels go by rail and millions by road, and the same streets and roads are traversed by vehicles of rival firms, so wasting horses and fuel. We have had to bring horses in huge numbers from America, and these horses and their food have been a heavy drain on our shipping. The saving of Drink transport, said Mr. Lloyd George, "would undoubtedly release horses for use in France, and save large quantities of food. It would reduce the barrel traffic on our congested railways, and we are sadly in need of locomotives and wagons for the Army in France." There was no question, said the Prime Minister in February, 1917, that the saving of Drink transport was **one of the most effective contributions that could be made towards a victorious end of the war.**

Such was the transport problem, such was one of the great solutions of it in the spring of 1917. It was one of the first problems the Govern-

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ment had to face, and, they dealt with it in part by cutting down the Drink supply. But how do we stand with this problem now, after nine months more? Try to buy potatoes, try to buy coal, and what happens? Everybody knows. But why is the fire so low in the grate? And why are potatoes so hard to get? There is enough of both. The extra potatoes grown this year would give an extra two cwts. to every home. Coal and potatoes are hard to get because the fearful strain on our transport continues: our railways have not a truck to spare. We can hardly find an extra wagon when we want it, and these things are life and death to us. All honour, then, to that wise man in this Government who, after the serious speech of the Prime Minister, looked about him and saw the waste of transport in moving coal. He said coal should not be taken from Newcastle to Penzance, from Wolverhampton to Dundee. He would keep it nearer home and save all this carting about, and so he organised a scheme to save the waste of trucks enough to carry twelve million tons from London to Dover. It was a great achievement, and helps to win the war.

There was another wise man in the Government who thought the same might be done with beer, for the Drink stuff carried about in this country this year would fill every railway wagon in the land. And what happened when they tried to do with beer what they had done with coal? They were beaten again. You can do what you like with coal, you can do what you like with bread, you can take a man's business, his money, his liberty, and his only son, but let a nation at war be careful what it does with beer. This trade would not have its beer distributed as the Government distributes coal, it would not release our railway wagons for the war, because, you see, if you stop the sort of beer made in Dublin from going down to Winchester, and ask the people of Winchester to drink the beer they make there, what is going to happen to the Dublin stuff after the war, when the Winchester people prefer their own?

It is things like this that are slowing down the war. We have sent 500 locomotives out to France, and thousands more are waiting for repairs which cannot be done, yet the Drink strain on our railways continues and increases. The Drink stuff carried about this country since war began has used up labour and transport for lifting at least 60,000,000 tons, and the raw materials and the finished products of this trade in war-time would make up a train to reach round the world.

So our railways must be mortgaged to these proprietary beers, and

WHAT THEY SAY AND WHAT THEY DO

one of the reasons why we cannot get coal and potatoes is that our railway trucks are carrying beer to keep up a brewer's goodwill. It was the *Times* that told us the other day that the Government was arranging matters so as to keep the heavy proprietary beers before the public, and a nation that has still some dignity left may well ask how far a British Government goes in its commercial travelling for this trade.

What They Say and What They Do

The gravity of Government statements concerning our Food Supply has been increasing month by month. Below are a few of this year's warnings.

Captain Bathurst, in April. The food position may gravely affect the prosecution of the war.

Captain Bathurst, in June. For each month during the remainder of the war we shall be thrown more and more upon our own food resources.

Mr. Lloyd George. To save our homes millions of men risk health and life and limb. They cannot struggle on unless they are fed. The German line is held at home as well as abroad.

Mr. Lloyd George. The more we economise the less will be the drain on the reservoir of food which France and Italy have to draw upon.

Mr. Lloyd George. No man in his senses would sacrifice the food of the country for any drink, however alluring it might be.

Mr. Kellaway. It is exceedingly difficult to argue, when sugar is wanted for women and children, that it should be used for making beer.

Lord Rhondda, in September. Even if we had the ships the supplies are not there to bring in, and if we do not eat less voluntarily we shall have to eat less compulsorily.

Mr. Lloyd George, in September. Even with the whole united strength of our people we shall only just win.

Sir Arthur Yapp, in October. A famous European prophesied that the next great war would be won by famine. The fight is taking place, and famine is threatening to be its arbitrator.

Mr. Prothero, in November. To waste food is treason, not only to this country, but to the Allies.

Sir Arthur Yapp. There is a world shortage. There will not be

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enough food for ourselves and our Allies unless Canada and the United States deny themselves; but how can we expect them to play the game unless we make an equal sacrifice?

The Government in November increased the supply of grain to Breweries and authorised the destruction of the whole nation's Bread Rations one day every week.

Fooling With Food

The best friends of the Kaiser in Britain have been the shell famine, and Drink was the best friend of both.

The courage of the Army and the loyalty of the workers saved us from defeat through the shell famine; the hesitation of the Government is plunging us deeper into the shadow of defeat through hunger.

There is not enough food for the Allies, and the British Government is wasting over a thousand million pounds of bread a year. It is throwing away a hundred tons of food an hour, and it is throwing it away because it is afraid to take a bold stroke that would save it. It hopes to beat the German Army, and it is afraid of its own people.

What would any Government of plain men do, seeing a nation growing short of food? They would stop every source of waste and destruction. But the British Government is helping on destruction. For three years our three War Governments allowed the destruction of five million tons of food for Drink; for nearly a year this Government, with all the warnings of the past before it, has allowed Drink to drag us nearer to the edge of famine.

The price of food is so high, largely through Drink, that the Government is subsidising bread; we have reached the point when the Government pays £1 towards the annual food bill of every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. We are paying out of the taxes nearly £5 a year to every home, or, if you like, we are giving two shillings worth of food a week to every British family.

It is Drink, more than any other single thing, that has brought us to this; millions of this national subsidy are actually and directly due to the Drink Trade. Drink has led us to this with the full knowledge and approval of our Governments. But we have reached the limit of national outrage when, faced with famine, it is **solemnly proposed by the Government to allow our beer drinkers double rations of grain through the coming winter.** It is the supreme example of the domina-

FOOLING WITH FOOD

tion of this country by this trade that the King has banished from his palaces.

Let Sir Arthur Yapp pause for a moment, in his Economy Campaign, to consider what we are asked to do. There is a limited quantity of grain available, and the proposal before the nation is that a proportion of it should be set apart for the bread of all the people. The rest of it is to be made into beer for a section of the people. There are 45,000,000 people, counting the Army; let us say there are 15,000,000 drinkers in this country now.

There is grain enough to give us all a certain ration of bread; most of us are to eat no more than a quartern loaf a week. There is a quartern loaf destroyed for every sixteen pints of beer; and there are 280,000,000 weekly rations destroyed for beer in a year. Our 15,000,000 beer drinkers, therefore, have not only their quartern loaf of bread to eat, but they are to have, out of one year's grain supply, an extra bread ration each for eighteen weeks.

Even if beer were food, which the Board of Education says it is not, it could not be said that this double ration is to help our hard workers this winter, for Sir Arthur Yapp has already allowed two quartern loaves for each hard worker, so that the hard worker who drinks a quart of beer a day is consuming each week the rations of three ordinary people.

The policy of the King is to banish Drink as the prolonger of the war; the policy of the Government gives drinkers double winter rations of grain and sugar. The people of the British Isles set their faces towards the sternest winter in their thousand years of history; Drink has prolonged the war and consumed our food reserves, and the Government is willing that through this winter our drinkers shall have double claim on our shrinking bread supplies.

That is the proposal put by a business Government to a country stricken with war and threatened with famine, but not yet bereft of reason.

To Mr. Lloyd George

The nation should know the facts, you say.

Then when will you tell the nation that British breweries have destroyed more food than all the German submarines?

The Staff of Liberty

The staff of life has become in very truth the staff of liberty. We have to fight Germany and a failing harvest, and bread may win or lose the war.

Looking back, it is plain that one of the first mistakes we made was the failure to organise our food supplies. We depend on our ships for five loaves in every six we eat, but the first danger confronting an island nation seems to have given no cause for alarm in Whitehall.

America and Canada, with their boundless wheatfields, conserved their food supplies. Among the first things these grain-producing countries did on entering the war was to face the enormous destruction of grain for Drink. We in this country, dependent on outside supplies, stand in the fourth year of the war, with our people and our Allies short of food, and look on at the stupendous destruction of 900,000 tons of grain and sugar a year.

The terrible facts speak for themselves. Had our Food Controller been in office in August, 1914 and looked forward, with Lord Kitchener, to three years of war, he could have broken all the dreams of submarines. Without using one ship that has not been used, without spending one sovereign that has not been spent, without creating any new staff, he could have built up for the United Kingdom a Food Reserve of 5,000,000 tons. Being the controller of our food he would have controlled it for preservation instead of for destruction. We should have eaten what we have eaten, but the food we have turned into Drink he would have put into barns, and by the end of 1917 the weight of food in these barns would have been 5,260,000 tons.

Let us look at the figures. We need not trouble about the fact that distilleries are making alcohol for munitions. They need not do it. They are piling up the golden Hoard of which the tale is told on page 41. There is whisky enough in bond for all the munitions we want, and the grain we use in distilleries today is grain destroyed for Drink. But we will separate the figures.

Food Destroyed for Alcohol During the War

From August 4, 1914, to December 31, 1917

Grain destroyed in breweries	3,430,000 tons
Grain destroyed in distilleries	1,290,000 tons
Sugar destroyed in breweries	390,000 tons
Molasses destroyed in distilleries	150,000 tons
Total food destroyed	5,260,000 tons

THE STAFF OF LIBERTY

Every atom of this material except molasses is human food, and molasses can be used for cattle. Deducting molasses, we find that the total destruction of human food for Drink during the war has been 5,110,000 tons.

Let us convert it into bread rations. Brewers' barley counts, according to the Royal Society, as 60 per cent. of the value of wheat, and we get this sum:

Barley destroyed	4,720,000 tons
Equals in flour at 60 per cent.	2,830,000 tons
Equals	6,340,000,000 pounds
Equals at 3 lb. flour per 4 lb. loaf	2,110,000,000 rations
Nation's Bread Rations destroyed for	47 weeks

The figures of the sugar destruction for beer during the whole of the war till the end of 1917 are:

Sugar destroyed in breweries	390,000 tons
Equals	1,747,000,000 rations
Nation's Sugar Rations destroyed for	38 weeks

The Drink Trade has therefore destroyed, since the war began, 38 weeks' sugar and 47 weeks' bread.

That potential strength, which might have been pooled for the Allies, has been thrown away; we have turned it into shell famines and bread famines and other pro-German things. But in war, though we cannot bring back lost opportunities, a nation tries to retrieve its errors and misfortunes, and there is still before the United Kingdom a tremendous opportunity. We are still destroying for Drink a thousand million pounds of grain a year, and every atom can be saved.

The destruction of food now going on for Drink, to cover the fourth year of the war, is as follows:

Grain destroyed in breweries	600,000 tons
Grain destroyed in distilleries	270,000 tons
Sugar destroyed in breweries	60,000 tons
Total food destroyed for Drink	930,000 tons
Nation's Bread destroyed for 1918	60 days
Nation's Sugar destroyed for 1918	42 days

Taking beer alone, the annual destruction of grain is:

Grain	600,000 tons of barley
Equals	360,000 tons of flour
Making	270,000,000 Bread Rations

THE PARASITE

Nation's Bread destroyed for Beer in 1918..... 6 weeks

Nation's Sugar destroyed for Beer in 1918..... 6 weeks

It is in the presence of this stupendous destruction that we are all asked to eat less. If we have not enough food to feed our children with, if the food supplies of Italy and France are threatened, if it is true that we may have to cut down our soldiers' rations, then where, in Heaven's name, do these brewers get their 750,000 quatern loaves a day from?

No man deserves the honour of his country more than Sir Arthur Yapp, but it is sorry work for any man to ask an entire nation to give up its necessities while this destruction continues for the luxury of a few. Again and again we have seen how the conscience of the Government's spokesmen has made it hard for them to ask it, and Mr. Kellaway admitted that it was exceedingly difficult. It is not difficult only; it is pitiful. We do not like this talk of economy that starves a child to feed a brewer. The words are English, but the spirit is akin to things that come across the Rhine.

And, as if we were little Germans, we are to do as we are told. The proposition of the Government is that we should all go short of food to oblige these food-destroyers, and if we do not like it they will make us. Unless we eat less voluntarily, for the brewers to have more, they will put us on compulsory rations. If British mothers will not take the food from their little ones and throw it into brewers' vats, the Government will make them do it. We are getting on. The nation that will tolerate this sort of thing has lost its self-respect.

This business is too Prussian for an Englishman, begging children to eat less bread while brewers destroy the bread of all the little children in the Kingdom. If stopping part of the brewers' destruction leaves our cupboards so bare that we must all go short, the proper thing to do, the straight thing to do, the patriotic thing to do, and the only honourable thing to do is to stop the brewer altogether and give the nation bread instead of beer.

Sir Arthur Yapp has adopted the splendid American idea of "Safety First." There is another idea in America, for Allied Prohibition. Let Sir Arthur borrow that, too; and he will save more food than he can ever save while Drink goes on. The first rule of national safety now is that while there is not enough bread for our children to eat there is no bread at all for men to drink.

It is plain and reasonable; it is the only honorable way. Are we

really to ask all the people to give up bread before we ask some of the people to give up beer? What is it that our Governments think of us? We fling all Britain in the balances; our purest blood, our bravest men; the money we had saved and the money we were going to save; the things we were putting by for our children, the business we were building up for our sons: we give them all. But one thing, they tell us, we will never put in the scale. We will sell the cause we fight for, the Allies we fight with, the men who have died and the men who are going to die, for the last pot of beer. Are we Britons, or are we Prussians, that Governments should say these things of us? It is not true. The Government has asked for our sons; it has asked for our liberty; it has asked for our bread. Let it ask again, and a nation which sends out its men to go over the top at a word will not be found so dead to honour that it will not fling down its glass when the Government speaks.

Free Bread and Government Ale

It is sometimes said that the Government has done great things in dealing with Drink. The truth is that not only does the British Government stand almost alone in the English-speaking race as the patron of Drink in war-time, but no other British Government even in time of peace has subsidised Drink as our war Governments have. It has done it in many ways, but most shameful of all is the subsidy of Drink at the cost of food. **Less bread and more beer** is becoming a watchword of Downing Street for winning the war.

It would be the aim of any sane man in power in days like these to keep down the price of bread and to put up the price of beer; but the policy of the British Government does the opposite. While Drink puts up the price of bread, the Government keeps down the price of beer.

It has been our policy for generations to keep up the price of Drink. We have sacrificed the development of cheap industrial alcohol, with all the blessings it would bring to industry, in order to keep up the price of Drink. To reduce the temptation of Drink we have taxed it so highly that alcohol became too dear as a source of power, and no man can say how great has been the financial loss to the nation in consequence.

But will it be believed that just now, when for the first time in our history we are giving people bread, the British Government has departed from our traditional policy and deliberately kept down the price of

THE PARASITE

Drink? By order of the Government the price of beer is kept low for a people who cannot afford to pay for bread.

And what, in the meantime, is the Government doing with bread? The price is too high for our people, and the War Savings Committee gives us one of the reasons why. It says that the price of bread is increased by the immense destruction of food for Drink. It is obviously so, seeing that Drink destroys about one-eighth of our bread supplies. We give this trade our food, allow it to put up the price of bread, and when the price is too high for our people the **Government pays the difference from the taxes**. We are to pay this year £40,000,000 towards flour, and £5,000,000 for potatoes: how many millions of this huge sum are actually due to Drink?

Who has not been humiliated in these days, walking through the streets of our towns, to see in the windows of our taprooms the flaring announcement of **Government Ale**? When before did any British Government lend its name to stuff like this, the stuff that sends a girl out reeling in the street or tempts some Anzac lad until he falls as if dead on a crowded London pavement? **Free Bread and Government Ale**—we are getting on!

It would seem to ordinary people that by this time the patronage of Drink at the cost of bread had gone quite far enough. But go into the market and try to buy corn. There is not enough wheat, and so we mix barley for our bread: there is not enough barley, and so we mix potatoes. What is it that happens now in any corn market in the United Kingdom? The miller is there and the maltster is there, both under Government Orders not to pay more than a fixed price for corn. But will it be believed that the maltster is allowed to go round the market to buy up all the best barley at 5s. 3d, a quarter more than the miller is allowed to pay? It is done every day, and mills that have never closed before since war began have been closed down because the brewer took the corn they should have had for making bread. Worse than that, however, are the actual facts, for millers, unable to buy home-grown barley at 68s. a quarter, are compelled to buy from our costly reserves of Californian wheat at 88s. a quarter. The miller, that is to say, pays an excess of 20s. a quarter, and the **Government subsidises him accordingly**. The Government's policy of obliging the brewer compels the miller to pay a price which will compel the Government to subsidise him. We may leave it to legal minds to say how near this comes to unconstitu-

FREE BREAD AND GOVERNMENT ALE

tional finance; but plain men have other ways of conducting honest business.

The policy of the Government, moreover, puts the best barley into beer and the worst into bread. It is not surprising that War Agricultural Committees and other county authorities have protested strongly against this abuse of Government authority, which works so gravely against the national interest and so richly for the profit of the brewers. We read on another page of the danger of reducing the nourishing power of bread, but the policy is deliberately continued by the Government, which even issues an Order for barley screenings—left by the brewer for cattle and pigs—to be turned into bread.

Well may we ask what grain is grown for. It is true that the Government was compelled to interfere to stop brewers from using wheat for beer, but the brewer has got the best barley, and got it with a Government guarantee. He can take the barley from a farmer who would rather keep it for his cattle, for the farmer who keeps cattle and poultry is not allowed to give them barley. He must sell it to the miller or the maltster, and give the maltster the best chance.

The Prime Minister, in his heroic mood, calls upon the nation to clothe itself in the spirit of our fathers, who swept away a military despotism a hundred years ago, but he forgets that when our fathers beat Napoleon they stopped spirits to do it. They made it a crime for a distiller to use a grain of barley; we have made it a crime for a farmer to use it. The farmer must sell the best barley for beer and the rest for bread; and if the barley will not go round the baker must make up with potatoes. Barley leavings and potatoes in their skins—anything will do for the people and the pigs so long as the brewer gets the golden corn.

With its tenderness towards beer and those who make it, the Government must cherish great solicitude for those who drink it. Having kept up the supply of Drink and kept down its price, the Government must be careful lest the people, believing in the honesty of the King, follow his Proclamation and give up using grain in anything but bread. For what, then, would become of all the beer?

So we are rationing grain for bread only; we may eat only so much, but **we can drink as much as we like in beer.** You may sit in a restaurant and ask in vain for another piece of bread—you have had your ration; but the next man may have had his ration and may drink the rations of as many other people as he likes. We have seen already that drinkers may double their rations of grain while those who follow the

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King are likely soon to be put in the dock for doing it. Give the crumbs to the birds and you are fined £5; give a loaf to the brewer and you are patriotic. It is the way the Government chooses to go while Germany sinks our food-ships and our Allies are short of bread.

There will still be those who maintain that beer is needed by hard workers. It is one of the false coins to which the policy of the Government has given new currency in these days. But even such critics will find it difficult to defend that policy of the Government which destroys the bread rations of 200,000 people every week merely to improve the colour and taste of beer. Our people are not quite fond enough of beer, so the Government sets aside 500 tons of barley every week to make it tempting for them.

The Government goes out crying "Wolf!" and nobody will believe. Of course they will not believe. If we have bread enough to make beer with, bread enough to make beer a pretty colour with, so much bread that we can afford to penalise the miller against the brewer, we have bread enough to eat. The nation has not so lost its senses as to believe that while we have grain to drink we have not enough to eat. Of course our people will not believe. If the Government wants to be believed, let it act as if it believed itself.

Play the Game

Are You Drinking Children's Rations?

We are on our honour; on our honour we must eat not more than our share. But moderate drinkers of alcohol—the only drinkers who really matter much, and stand as a mighty barrier against the stopping of Drink—are not keeping faith. It is specially hard on the poor and on little children.

The school-children in the United Kingdom are nearly seven millions, and their weekly rations come to 3,400,000 pounds of sugar and 27,000,000 pounds of bread. We can just afford to give them that. But the drinkers of beer alone, in addition to their ordinary rations, are drinking away the rations of these little children—forty weeks' bread and enough sugar to last them all the time.

The beer drinkers in the United Kingdom are eating their own rations and drinking somebody else's. Reckoning them at fifteen millions,

THE MISER'S HOARD

they consume, out of a year's supply of grain, double bread rations for 18 weeks. That is to say, at the present rate, our fifteen million moderate drinkers will have double rations for the coming winter. They drink up in a year 270,000,000 sugar rations and 270,000,000 bread rations—six weeks' bread and six weeks' sugar for the whole nation.

We are trying hard to save the children, but a year's drinking, even with drink three-quarters stopped, robs our child-life of this enormous reserve of its most vital food.

Our moderate drinkers are generally good fellows, fair and square in their dealings with the world. They like to do the straight thing, and we may surely ask them to play the game.

There is a quartern loaf in 16 pints of beer. The man who drinks just over 2 pints a day drinks another man's rations.

The Miser's Hoard

Pitiful women in rags were seen in the whisky queues with £5 notes in their hands. Vide Newspapers.

Is there, in all the sordid history of finance, anything more sordid than the Distiller's Hoard?

There were 157,000,000 gallons of alcohol in bond, most of it not to be drunk for years. It was the most precious Hoard of munitions in the United Kingdom; every drop of it could be used against Germany, and every drop used was a saving of food.

But it has not been used; instead of using it new alcohol has been made from the destruction of enormous quantities of grain, and the Ministry of Munitions is still destroying 5,000 tons of grain a week, equal to the rations of over two million people.

Compelled to institute an Inquiry, the Government appointed eight Drink men on a Commission of twelve, with four Government representatives.

The Commission reported that it was not desirable to cease the destruction of food and use the alcohol in bond, and the value of the Distiller's Hoard has since risen to fabulous prices.

The Hoard has become the subject of great financial speculations, and at auction sales in the City of London amazing prices have been

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paid even for whisky not releasable from bond. As much as £3 12s. a gallon has been realised, and the average price has been £3. At £3 the rise in the value of the Hoard compared with pre-war prices is £1 10s. per gallon, and the excess value of this Hoard, protected by the Government, is already enough to have paid the whole national revenue of the United Kingdom in the last year of peace.

This trade has turned the food of the people into gold, and the unearned war-time increment of its Hoard—which is still 130,000,000 gallons—is £200,000,000.

THE DRINK TRADE TOOK THE NATION'S BREAD FOR 12 WEEKS, TURNED IT INTO MUNITIONS, AND WITHHELD IT FROM THE ARMY AT A PROFIT OF £200,000,000.

The Perishing Wheat

The Distillers' Hoard is not the only priceless Hoard that waits to be used for victory. There is a Great Pyramid of wheat waiting for us in Australia. This is the story of it.

Early in the war Australia looked forward and saw the bitter days that loomed ahead. She offered a subsidy to encourage growers of wheat and produced an enormous Food Reserve.

It was proposed that this country should do the same thing. Lord Milner's Committee urged it strongly. But the Government did nothing, believing that the submarine menace was well in hand, and that there was no need for alarm.

So we refused to subsidise wheat to guard against famine. Two years have passed, and we are subsidising bread because of famine.

Our food supplies failing, because we did not do what Australia did, we bought the wheat Australia had to spare. We bought nearly three million tons for £26,000,000. But the wheat is still across the world, and it is perishing. The guarantee as to quality for export ceases on the last day of 1917, and there will probably be an enormous loss of wheat and money too.

Think quietly of these facts. We would not do as Australia did, but Drink destroyed our food and made us do it. We bought the wheat grown through Australia's foresight, but found it was too late because Drink had wasted our ships.

So there are two great heaps of munitions waiting now for victory.

GAMBLING WITH THE UNITED KINGDOM

There is the Hoard of alcohol in the United Kingdom, rising in value by hundreds of millions; there is the Great Pyramid of the people's wheat across the world perishing for want of the ships Drink has used.

WE DESTROYED OUR FOOD TO PROTECT THIS HOARD OF DRINK; WE GIVE TO DRINK THE SHIPS THAT WOULD BRING IN OUR PERISHING WHEAT.

Gambling with the United Kingdom

Are we gambling with the destinies of the United Kingdom? Are we shutting our eyes to events which, slowly and almost imperceptibly, may sap our very foundations? The grave statement by Professor Leonard Hill, one of the most distinguished physiologists in England, gives profound cause for national reflection. It is taken from the *Times*:

The health and deeds of the Army depend on a generous diet; so does the productiveness of the munition workers, miners, field labourers. Seriously reduce their food, and productiveness will fall off, discontent arise. The well-fed Briton now beats the rationed Hun in the production of war appliances, while Russia fails owing to the breakdown of transport and failure of food supply.

The Yapp ration, considering the difficulty of securing all the rationed foods, affords scarcely more than half the energy necessary for productive labour. If flour and bread are compulsorily rationed, can potatoes and swede turnips, the only available substitutes, six to eight times more bulky and watery foods, be transported into the dense urban populations, the feeding of which with cereals is now perfectly co-ordinated from ship to elevator, to mill, to bakery?

At current prices flour yields over 700 calories for a penny, meat and cheese about 100, margarine 300. To ration bread and flour, then, should be the last measure of emergency; the physiologist cannot conceive rationing these while luxury trades continue, while spirits are distilled from foodstuffs for munitions and great stores of alcohol are left untouched; while the problem of transport of potatoes and swede turnips to the urban populations has not been solved; while shipping is not used to the maximal advantage to maintain the importation of cereals.

We may leave the question of transport, which is treated elsewhere, but the proper nourishment of our soldiers and workers is clearly not consulted in the policy which reduces our bread supply and increases beer.

However long a Government may live upon it, the bodies of a nation cannot be maintained for many days on the superstition that beer is food, and we shall come to see that knowledge is life as well as power. "Too late here, too late there"—shall we be too late in that greatest

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discovery of all? Not even a munition worker can live by beer alone.

Every patriot admires Sir Arthur Yapp, whose boundless zeal has made the Y. M. C. A. the greatest war-winning organization outside the Army; but the nation may well ask itself how it stands with this boundless zeal transferred from a place where it builds up the strength of our soldiers to a place where it may be exploited by Drink, the greatest enemy the Y. M. C. A. ever had. Where the health of our people is at stake the end of the war is at stake, and no question can be more urgent in a national crisis than the public health. We have the help of the supreme authority in the State in considering this question. It is the Royal Society, which reported to the Government a year ago that the reduction of our food supply is a grave national danger:

Up to the present the supply of food has provided a general margin of about 5 per cent. above the minimum necessary for proper nutrition, and rather more as regards the supply of energy, so that a reduction to this extent could be borne without serious injury to the community, but only on the condition that steps were taken to ensure the equitable distribution of the available food throughout the population.

Any curtailment of supplies, even to a limited extent, would result in the poorer classes obtaining less than is needful for safety should distribution remain unorganised.

In buying food the labouring population is buying energy—the power to do work. It is important to remember that a slight reduction of food below the necessary amount causes a large diminution in the working efficiency of the individual.

It may be said that the saving of bread is balanced by extra food of other kinds, but this can hardly be expected to work out in practice with a people not familiar with the science of food. Bread is our staff of life; our people rely upon their usual supply of it. What happens is that in economising in bread our people lose seriously in energy, and, therefore, in efficiency. The terrible fact is that if Drink were stopped we could save twice the quantity of bread saved by those food-controlling campaigns and still keep the margin of 5 per cent. mentioned by the Royal Society. We have two weapons that will beat the U-Boats. One is the people's loaf and the other is the brewer's and safety, like honour, knows only one way.

Sir Arthur Yapp is forming a League of National Safety. It is a great idea to safeguard our food supply; it is the "Safety First" plan from America, and we may hope Sir Arthur Yapp will do it justice. The first rule of safety is to look about you, and the second is to be

GAMBLING WITH THE UNITED KINGDOM

prepared. If Sir Arthur will look about he will find that there are men in this country who are destroying 750,000 quartern loaves a day; and if he would convince us he must stop it. In America, whenever the Safety First Campaign goes into a factory Drink goes out. 'Do not let us bluff ourselves with names; there is no national safety with Drink. It is fighting Sir Arthur Yapp every day; it is fighting his Y. M. C. A. Will Sir Arthur Yapp keep a Y. M. C. A. hut short of food while the taproom next door is throwing it away?

Sir Arthur Yapp has been talking of tonnage—though he did not tell his audience that drink is using up the space of about forty average wheat-ships working all the time. What he did say was this—that if the submarines sink two 6,000-ton food ships a week for a month, they sink 25,000,000 bread rations, enough to feed all Scotland for five weeks. **But that is happening all the time in our breweries.** On the basis of Sir Arthur's figures:

Submarines destroy 5 weeks' food for Scotland once a month.

So do British Breweries.

A true League of National Safety will stop the danger nearest home and stop this camouflage which, by great crusades for picking up the crumbs, diverts attention from the most stupendous waste of bread now going on in any population in Europe.

Balance-Sheet of the Food Campaigns

Two campaigns are in progress in the United Kingdom—the Food Economy Campaign conducted by Sir Arthur Yapp, and the Food Destroying Campaign conducted by members of the Brewing Trade. Below is the balance-sheet of the gain and loss.

FOOD-SAVING CAMPAIGN

Mr. Kennedy Jones's Campaign

Huge Staff at Grosvenor House
1,300 Local Bread Committees
Meetings throughout the Kingdom
Appeals of Cabinet Ministers
Advertising campaigns in the papers
Enormous posters on hoardings
Circulation of literature
Books and Coloured pictures
Times suggests food should be hidden and sweets stopped.

Sir Arthur Yapp's Campaign

Stirring appeals to America
Warning of compulsory rationing unless people eat less
Sugar Ticket system inaugurated.
Staff of 14,000 estimated for U. K.
Establishment of special staff at Imperial Institute
League of National Safety formed.

Bread to be Saved

180,000,000 rations a year

FOOD-DESTROYING CAMPAIGN

Beer only

300 big Breweries, and over 3,000 smaller firms, at work destroying grain and sugar.

Bread Being Destroyed

270,000,000 rations a year

Net Loss of Two Campaigns 90,000,000 Rations

Food Balance-Sheet of a Year of Prohibition

Credit

Government decree that all food must be pooled for the Allies.

Breweries cease destroying and turn their machinery to useful purposes, employing many times more hands.

Food Saved

Bread 1,000 million pounds
Sugar 140 million pounds

**NET SAVING BY
PROHIBITION**

Debit

Johnny Walker, Old Crock,
loses his whisky,
his wig,
his false teeth,
his corsets,
his monocle, and
disappears from the hoardings.

Food Lost

Bread None
Sugar None

**270,000,000 Bread Rations
270,000,000 Sugar Rations**

How the Government Subsidises Drink

It is time the nation understood that behind the camouflage of the Government's National Campaigns is the reality of a stupendous destruction that mocks them all. All these frantic efforts to save food and money and men are neutralised by the deliberate dealings of the Government with the Drink Trade.

The truth about Drink turns the Food Economy Campaign into a farce, the National Service Campaign into a waste, the War Savings Campaign into a costly effort to save sixpences where we could easily save shillings.

Who has not watched with pitiful interest these gropings of the Government for some alternative to Prohibition? The Chancellor of the Exchequer would like the millions that our people spend on beer. The Board of Agriculture would like the man-power that this traffic wastes. The War Savings Committee begs to cut our Drink Bill in two; the Government cries to us to drink Wine, which costs four times as much as beer. The Ministry of Food is gasping for the bread that perishes in brewers' vats. The War Office yearns in vain for the transports Drink absorbs. But the Government that hopes to beat the Germans flounders in a multitude of schemes to hide the consequences of this trade it dare not stop. It is our national way of subsidising Drink.

We are trying National Service again. Every worker in the Kingdom is to be put on a card index, and we are all to be arranged and classified. All over the country men are busy on it; they are to sort us out, to stop the luxury trades from interfering with the great essential trades.

Well, there is not an educated man in the United Kingdom who does not know that the Drink Trade is a luxury trade, but there is not a man in the United Kingdom who believes Sir Auckland Geddes will put it down among the luxuries. This camouflage has failed before. We have had National Service, with its network of machinery from end to end of the land. They spent £200,000 in finding places for under 50,000 men for National Service, but Prohibition would give us many times that man-power any day. This gigantic attempt to get labour failed. The National Service Department sought in vain to place 40,000 workers on the land; it placed 5,000—one for, say, every twenty

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public-houses which are wasting men seven days a week. We might have taken all the men we wanted for the land from this trade which wastes our land, but instead we took them from the Army; we took nearly 70,000 soldiers who might have remained at their posts if the Government had stopped Drink.

As we played with National Service, so we play with Food Controlling. We have hundreds of committees and lecturers, advertisement campaigns beyond the dreams of business men, and all this raging, tearing propaganda is neutralised by the fact that **the Government gives the brewer three grains of barley for every two it saves.** We may come to compulsory rations, with a national army of workers and a complicated system of administration, with a tremendous strain on our shrinking supplies of paper, and with all those temptations to treachery and crime of which Sir Arthur Yapp has warned us. While the National Service is separating the luxury trades from the essential, we will put up with this tremendous business of getting the paper and the printing machines, the printers, and the clerical staffs, the distributors and enumerators, for circulating fifty million tickets every week, though every bit of this machinery could be saved, and all the energy of it turned to winning the war, if Drink were stopped. It will save a little bread, but Prohibition would save more bread without food-controlling than all our food-controlling can save without Prohibition.

As with labour, as with food, so with money. The camouflage that hides the monstrous waste of money on Drink has reached its height in these dazzling campaigns for getting our people to save. We have set up 1,500 War Savings Committees and 40,000 Associations to fight the temptations of 120,000 public-houses. Sir Robert Kindersley and his staff have placed the country under a tremendous obligation; they, at least, have not feared to warn the nation of the appalling waste on Drink. The Campaign of the War Savings Committee has all been splendid work, but the end of it is that the country is receiving small contributions to our war funds amounting to £2,000,000 a week, and the single act of stopping Drink would set free twice as much money as that. Our people are spending £4,000,000 a week on Drink, and have drunk away since the war began enough money to pay off the National Debt as it stood on August 4, 1914.

The Liquor Traffic goes swaggering through the streets of Britain unashamed of all its ruin and profiteering, somebody in Canada has

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said. Unashamed indeed: it has been the keen competitor in all the Treasury's appeals for the money of the people.

But even yet the nation may not understand how its interests are sold to this trade, how we patronise it and subsidise it in a hundred ways. We have no time for an Education Bill, after all the splendid missionary work that Mr. Fisher has done, but the time the Government has spent fiddling with breweries since it came into office would have passed the Education Bill twice over. We have no money for a Ministry of Health, but we gave away £1,000,000 the other day for the maintenance of this ministry of disease, gave back to this trade £1,000,000 in taxes in the record year of its prosperity, gave £1,000,000 that the Treasury badly wanted to this trade which for twenty years has paid every extra penny of taxation from the extra water it puts in its barrels. It does not matter what this trade wants; whatever the strain on the nation, Drink can get its way.

There are no limits to the insolent demands this trade makes on our Government. It holds up the railway trucks that are wanted to win the war; it refuses to comply with conditions the Government lays down in making Drink concessions. It puts up notices in hotels inciting visitors to evade the law, and refuses to observe the Control Board's regulations. When the Government gave it extra beer in August the concession was made on certain conditions, but every brewer but one in Ireland refused to observe the conditions. It made no difference; the brewers got their way without the conditions. It is pitiful to see the Government helpless in this enemy grip; but what shall we say of that letter from the Ministry of Food asking the Brewers' Society to appeal to breweries to be sure to save their used-up grains in view of the shortage of food? The Ministry of Food allows these brewers to destroy 750,000 quartern loaves a day and begs it to be sure to save its rubbish heap for the sake of our hungry people. Let them use our children's food, but let them give us back a swill-tub.

We began the war with the King banishing drink; we shall end it, if we are not careful, with the Government subsidising drink. To bolster up drink we have begun the policy of free bread that began the breakdown of the Roman Empire, and already Mr. Will Thorne has called out in Parliament for free beer. That is his contribution to reconstruction. But we are used to it all. We bolster up Drink in peace by building prisons, hospitals, workhouses, orphanages, and asylums for its victims, and by a policeman in every street to try to keep it

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down; we bolster it up in war by eating less to keep it going, and by organising national departments to neutralise its waste. We strain our railways to carry its millions of tons; we give it coal and sugar and grain while our people are gasping for them all. We allow the Army and the Fleet to wait on the pleasures of this trade; we allow it to press heavily on the merciful Red Cross. In war as in peace, the Parasite has the nation in its grip. There was a Prohibition meeting in a Wesleyan Chapel the other day; there was a dry canteen on the premises, and within a week the authorities forced on the Wesleyans a wet canteen—a cynical official celebration of the fact that the Wesleyan Church has just adopted permanent Prohibition as one of its aims. A hop-grower was charged with flagrantly ignoring the Government restrictions, and a K. C. defended him by pointing out that the grower was bound to grow the hops by contract with a brewery firm. How dare the State interfere in war-time with a brewer's contract?

Do we wonder that the brewers, having got an extra million barrels, have asked the Food Controller for an extra 16,000,000? If food should get shorter they will be satisfied with 8,000,000 more, but they want that as an absolute minimum—food or no food, clearly. The Food Controller is expected to tie the hands of the State in case famine should come. But even this is not enough to satisfy those whose gospel is their maw, for the brewers have asked the Food Controller also to use his influence to get them labour and materials, to declare the malting of barley a necessary trade, and to obtain for them an entire exemption from sugar restrictions. We see where we are coming to. The drink traffic asks for a State guarantee of food and labour and materials, and to be set free from the restrictions that fall on every household in the land, and on every decent trade.

We understand. If we can win the war with this Parasite on our backs they will let us win it, but beware what you do with Drink in the name of liberty. This trade has had us in its grip for years. It has beaten Governments since we were born. It has beaten them in their strongest days, and it is not going to be beaten now by a nation in distress and with the Kaiser at the gate.

The Great Bluffs

Think you Truth a farthing rushlight to be pinched out when you will
With your deft official fingers and your politician's skill?

—James Russell Lowell.

It cannot be maintained that the Government has treated the nation seriously in its dealings with Drink. We have only to look through Hansard to understand what has happened. We may take the things Sir George Cave has said as characteristic of the subservience of our War Governments in holding the balance between the nation and the Government and this trade that masters both.

It was Sir George Cave who thought it not beneath the dignity of a Home Secretary to fling at the Prohibitionists—presumably from the King downwards—the taunt that they wanted to give the men cold water in the trenches. He probably does not know that the Y. M. C. A. is able and willing to supply hot drinks to every man in the trenches.

It was Sir George Cave who told Parliament that glucose was in no way capable of being used for food, though the Ministry of Agriculture declares that it is.

It was Sir George Cave who denied the Board of Agriculture's statement that malt is food, and declared that it was useless for anything but brewing, though his own Government has been using it all the time both for food and munitions.

It was Sir George Cave who dared to tell the House of Commons that a shortage of beer was interfering with the war, though his own Government had before it the Control Board's report that it was too much beer that was interfering with the war. We do not remember that Sir George Cave was greatly concerned when the Admiralty reported that too much Drink threatened to bring the Tyneside yards to a standstill, and to stop supplies to the Fleet.

It does not seem to matter much what Sir George Cave believes. We may leave the compliments he pays to the intellectual capacity of Parliament and consider how the Government itself has treated the nation.

The Sugar Bluff

It may be said that every household in the land, every hospital, every fruit-grower, and every fruit-seller, has been a victim of the Sugar Scandal.

It was the business of a Government at war to look forward to the things that were likely to happen, but our war Governments have allowed our brewers to destroy the stupendous quantity of 300,000 tons of

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sugar. It would have given the whole United Kingdom its rations for 38 weeks.

In those months when the shadow of famine fell over the land, when any wise Government of an island nation would have filled its barns and saved every atom of food, the Government flung enormous quantities of sugar to our food-destroyers. "There is a way to revolution if you want it," the Bishop of London told the House of Lords, but the Government was listening to this trade and did not hear.

We heard the same rubbish about brewers' sugar as about brewers' malt; we were told it was not good for food. Again and again, from the beginning of 1917 to the end, the Government has repeated this rubbish in the House of Commons. It is not true. Brewers' sugar, like brewers' malt, is every bit good food. Not a baker nor a caterer is there who could not use them both, yet in vain our people pleaded for this vital need of life. How much fruit was wasted for want of sugar, how many thousands of village homes are facing this winter without their usual stocks of jam, we cannot know. It is one of the hidden tragedies of the Hidden Hand upon our food supply. What we do know is that while a multitude of people wrote in vain to the Sugar Commission, while the only reply sent to thousands of housewives was a rude official notice in the papers, this trade was more politely treated. It asked for more sugar, and the Government threw it a bonus of 4,500 tons.

And the scandal of it was greater than many people knew, for the Government was holding up sugar for this trade. There were confectioners who had sugar at the docks, there were caterers who had paid for sugar and were waiting for it to be delivered to their working-people's restaurants; but the Food Controller held it from them. He would only deliver it, he told them, if it was wanted for beer. The Food Controller wrote to confectioners and advised them to sell their sugar to a brewer.

It was infamous, in any case, at a time when poor women were buying a halfpennyworth of sweets to put in their tea, and women and children were standing in queues hoping to get a few ounces of sugar; but it was a crime beyond belief to those who knew the facts. For all this time the brewers had immense reserves of sugar to spare—reserves so rich that they could take 10,000,000 pounds from their hoards when the Government suddenly allowed them to brew extra beer.

They hoarded up this sugar, they enriched their hoards at the ex-

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pense of the poor, and not even the fact that submarines sank 40,000 tons of sugar in ten days—one month's rations for the nation—could serve to deflect the Government from the path of its surrender to this trade..

The Great Malt Bluff

The annals of these times show no more shameful example of paltering with a nation in distress than the Great Malt Scandal of 1917.

On February 20, 1917, malting was prohibited. Faced with the question of bread or beer, the Government declared that no more grain should be destroyed for malt.

On April 17 the Board of Agriculture told the House of Commons that there were 1,000,000 quarters of malt in the country, enough to last the brewers six months; and that no more was to be malted.

On May 7 the Board of Agriculture declared that the stock had dwindled to 800,000 quarters, and would continue to dwindle.

On May 24 the Board of Agriculture announced that the stocks were so low that there would not be enough malt for the quantity of beer allowed.

And now on July 2 began the age of miracles in malt. It was dramatically announced to Parliament on that day that the stock of malt had grown, like the widow's cruse. The barrel of meal had wasted not, neither did the malt fail. The stock was greater after three months' use than before; the million quarters, after half of it had been used, was discovered to be 1,300,000 quarters!

It was not the first miracle of the war, and it does not seem to have greatly moved the House of Commons; but since Alice grew in Wonderland there has been nothing quite like this magic growth of malt. Those who believe that wonders never cease smiled and went on thinking, but there were sceptics who demanded explanations. The Board of Agriculture assured a wondering Parliament that the estimates had been most carefully made, and Sir George Younger hastened to explain that the brewers had not increased the malt in any way. We must take it, therefore, those of us who are only ordinary people, that, while our children were wanting bread, 800,000 quarters of barley came from nowhere just when they were needed, in the very nick of time, to save this trade from having to do without.

That is the Malt Scandal Number 1. Let us consider Scandal Number 2.

One would have thought that the spontaneous generation of 160,000 tons of food would have been hailed as a providential act in a nation fighting for freedom and threatened with famine, but this manna from

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heaven was forbidden to the farmer and forbidden to the miller, and was held up by the British Government to be thrown into brewers' destructors. Clearly there must be invented for the people some explanation of this amazing perfidy. A nation crying for bread must not be allowed to realise that its Government had flung away 160,000 tons of grain for making bread. Let us turn to the records of Hansard and of the Government's eloquent and amenable orators in the Great Economy Farce, and see what happens.

In the days before the miracle had happened, when the Government sent out lecturers far and wide to ask our people to eat less bread so that brewers could waste more, the lecturers were frequently confronted with stupid honest people who could not understand why grain should be made into beer if there was not enough food to eat. And so the Government gave its lecturers instructions. These stupid honest people must not be allowed to spoil a Government lecture, and the effect of the instructions to the lecturers was to inspire a soothing satisfaction in their minds by conveying an utterly false belief. It was almost like the Prussian way of making public opinion.

Remember that malt is every bit as good for bread as the barley from which it is made. It is nonsense to say that malting makes barley useless. Clearly, however, the line of least resistance was not to bother with scientific facts. After all the British public knew little about science, and their Government cared less.

It was on March 20 that Lord Milner dared to tell Parliament that malted barley was not available for human food, and was even of very doubtful value for animals. It was too much for honest Captain Bathurst, who celebrated Shakespeare's birth by telling the truth in the House of Commons, where he explained that malted barley is capable of being used for human food. In case Lord Milner missed it, he repeated the truth on April 28, and lest there should be any misunderstanding on a point so vital he told Parliament again on May 3 that barley loses none of its food value in malting **but slightly gains**.

It was more than Sir George Cave could stand. He who had contradicted the Royal Society about glucose was not afraid of the Board of Agriculture. He told Parliament "I do not believe that malt stock is capable of being usefully employed in the production of food. Such as it is, it is useful for brewing and for brewing practically only."

The clumsiness of this contradiction of fact jars on the mind as we read it. It jarred on the Government too. A sense of humiliation at

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these contradictions was coming over the public mind. Clearly something must be done, and finally, on August 8, the Government put the point beyond controversy by announcing once and for all that **malt was actually being used for food, munitions, gas helmets, and aeroplane work.**

It was clearly impossible to deceive the people any longer, and now the instructions to the lecturers appeared. It was arranged that they should answer their questioners by saying that only five per cent. of the malt could be used. Obviously it was intended that people should believe that only one-twentieth of this enormous stock of malt was of any use for bread. The British public, it would be argued, knew as little about percentages as about science, and would easily be deceived, and so the lecturers were ready with their answers when the stupid honest people asked their questions. Slowly it came about that people began to believe it was not worth while bothering about malt because such a small percentage of it could be used for bread. But the truth is, of course, that it makes no difference whether the malt is mixed with wheat at the rate of five per cent. or 100 per cent., as every ounce of it can be used. The talk of five per cent. was a trick of the platform, and the casuistry of official correspondence.

That is the Malt Scandal Number 2. Let us consider Scandal Number 3.

When the Government quailed before this trade and gave it grain for a million extra barrels of harvest beer, it announced that the grain would come from malt in stock, so that extra barley would not be used. But the extra beer was to leave the brewers short of malt for this year by 110,000 quarters, so that 110,000 quarters of barley must be destroyed to make up for it. It was not true, therefore, that extra barley would not be used for the extra beer, and on August 24, even while the rain was destroying our corn, the Food Controller was promising licenses for the making of more malt.

That was the Malt Scandal Number 3. Let us consider Scandal Number 4.

On March 20 Lord Milner informed the House of Lords that no more barley was to be malted.

On April 2 Mr. Bonar Law informed the House of Commons that no barley was being used for malting.

But on August 14 the Government confessed to the House of Commons that 2,000 tons of barley every month were still being malted for **colouring beet.**

We were threatened with famine, we were cutting down our children's bread, we were telling Canada that we might have to cut down

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the bread rations of her soldiers in the trenches; we were solemnly assured that brewers had been stopped from using barley; and five months after this assurance we discover that brewers are still using up the bread rations of 200,000 people to improve the taste and colour of beer.

That is the story of the Great Malt Bluff the Government thought it not beneath its dignity to impose upon the British people. It can hardly be said to have been a slip, or a misunderstanding, or a casual thing. It proceeded over a long period, and nothing could be more curious than that there emerged from this fuddle an extra 160,000 tons of food for our food-destroyers. It is curioser and curioser that the same thing happened when racing was stopped. The Government stopped racing because it could not feed the horses, but Mr. Bottomley had a meeting in Queen's Hall and the Government found more oats—as they had found more sugar from some mysterious hoard when the brewers wanted extra beer. More barley when the brewers want it, more oats when the tipsters want them, more sugar when the taprooms want it: strange they cannot find more bread when the children want it! But brewers' threats are louder than the children's cries.

The Harvest Beer Bluff

But of all the bluffs that have been tried on a long-suffering public, the bluff of bluffs was harvest beer. Those who told us that our workmen would betray us to Germany unless we gave them beer, now told us that our harvest itself depended upon beer. Unless we gave them beer to drink, we were told, our men would not gather in the wheat.

It was nothing to these people that harvest beer has never been heard of in Scotland. It was nothing to them that the greatest wheat-fields in the world are under Prohibition. It was nothing to them that the National Farmers' Union at the Savoy Hotel passed a resolution against harvest beer, that the farmers in Armagh did the same, that the farmers in Sussex laughed the thing out of their meeting. The cry of harvest beer appealed to a Government which had made itself the patron of Mr. Prothero's patent for extracting milk from brewers, and so, on this pretence, there were flung to the wolf from our national stores 40,000 more tons of barley and 4,500 tons of sugar. There were a million barrels of beer more for brewers, and 18,000,000 quartern loaves less for bakers.

The Labour Unrest Bluff

And meanwhile the harvest went on. The winds blew, the rain descended, and the shadow of famine loomed again on the horizon. Still

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the wolf was at the door, but still the trade was at the gate; loudly it was calling for its winter supplies.

It will seem strange to you, no doubt, that whenever a shortage of beer is threatened we are told the brewers must have supplies from our granaries, but whenever a shortage of bread is threatened it never occurs to a Government that bakers should have supplies from breweries. but that is the way we are governed, and things are passing strange.

Clearly there must be something to justify this new attack on our shrinking food supplies. It would be rather cruel to take the bread from our children in winter without a sort of excuse. And so the report of Labour Unrest came out in the very nick of time.

It was not the first report we had had on Labour Unrest. The evidence had been accumulating in the hands of the Government since the war began, but there was one distinction between this report and all the others. When Admiral Jellicoe wrote anxiously from his flagship; when the Shipbuilders' Federation complained that unrest was gravely interfering with output; when the Tyneside yards seemed likely to come to a standstill through unrest; when ships were calling at port after port to beg for help; when ships broken in battle were kept waiting for repairs; when the Admiralty reported that supplies to the Army and Fleet might be stopped—the main cause of the Labour Unrest behind all these things was everywhere admitted to be **too much Drink**. And the difference between the new report and all the others was that it said very little about Drink. It would not have been surprising if, with all these other reports before them, the Labour Unrest Commissioners had confirmed all past experience, but any trouble of that kind was easily averted by making it an instruction to inquire how far unrest was caused by **too little Drink**. For the honour and dignity of these Commissioners be it said that most of them dismissed this suggestion with the scorn of silence.

We cannot, unhappily, say the same for the Government. All too little attention it paid to the Labour trouble caused by too much drinking, but let a shortage of Drink cause a slight disturbance and it is alert. One-tenth of our war strength too much drinking must have cost us; a famine in shells, a famine in guns, a famine in sugar, a famine in bread—none of us can ever know the price we have paid for too much drinking. All that may go on, but let a whisper of a bogus agitation reach the Government from the taprooms and Sir George Cave is telling

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Parliament that the situation is very grave, and the Government sends out Commissioners to inquire.

And what is it that they say—these Noah's doves sent out to see if the world was dry? They seem to have come back with nothing in their beaks. We have been told till we are tired that South Wales and the Clyde would rise in mutiny against Prohibition, but what do the Commissioners for Wales and Scotland say about the shortage of drink? In Scotland the subject was not even mentioned, and in Wales one witness mentions it. The Yorkshire Commissioners did not mention it, and the North-Eastern Commissioners are convinced that all classes would loyally acquiesce in any restriction that was necessary. The South-Western put it among very minor complaints. There remain the London, the North-Western, and the West Midland Commissioners. We are told that the shortage of beer has had a bad effect on the health of Woolwich, which is very curious, seeing that the M. O. H. of Woolwich has asked the Government to stop all beer till the war is over.

As for the North-Western Commissioners, they told us that the women approve the restrictions and the men are generally inclined to accept them, and we may be grateful rather than resentful for the merry and bright suggestion that there would be more sense in depriving England of tobacco than of beer. It is not to be denied that the West Midland Report was disquieting; it was to have been expected from an area in which the Drink Traffic is so splendidly organised. The trade succeeded in making a great impression and the verdict was that the supply of beer should be largely increased.

The clear fact that emerges from the whole Report is that the Commissioners sent out to search for the relation between Labour Unrest and the shortage of Drink came back from their search having found that Sir George Cave had grossly exaggerated his case. The final commentary on this Report seems to have come from Lord Milner, who, dealing with it in the House of Lords, spoke of the causes of Labour Unrest and never mentioned Drink. Our men are not like Prussians in a land of refugees, caring more for their physical appetites than for other people's lives. It is a slander and an infamy to say that British workmen are not as ready to take their share of sacrifice as British Governments are. The country waits in vain for any sign in Parliament of the spirit of courage and sacrifice that we get from every soldier in the trenches, and Democracy may well resent the everlasting at-

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tempt to saddle it with the sins and weaknesses of a timorous Government.

The Efficiency Bluff

It is one of the most humiliating things about this trade that it lives on ignorance and deceit; it is one of the greatest injuries the Government has done to the future that it has put its stamp on this trade's false coin. We pretend that at last we believe in science, and before the whole nation the Government has bolstered up the scientific lie that drink is good for people.

We are asked to believe that beer is necessary for our munition men. The Board of Control has answered that. It has set up 650 canteens in which no alcohol is served, and it describes them as among the most effective instruments in maintaining the high standard of work and improving the health of the worker. The *Times* has answered it, and the *Times* does not believe in Prohibition—except in America. One of its engineering correspondents has been to one of the biggest munition works in Sheffield, and this is what he writes:

Sometimes we came on groups of men who were saturating in water the rough bands of sacking in which they were enveloped before going to wrestle with some white heat forging; sometimes on men nearly naked, with the perspiration pouring from them, who came to rest for a moment from the puddling furnaces, and to take a long drink of thick oatmeal and water, which is all that they venture on during their labour, and which long experience has proved to be the most sustaining of all drinks under the tremendous heat to which they are subject.

The King's physician has answered it. Sir Frederick Treves denies that alcohol gives working power, and says: "If a man must reach the acme of physical perfection he must be without alcohol."

The Registrar General's report has answered it; taking the average of all deaths at 1,000, it shows that in five outdoor occupations there are 888, in six indoor occupations 990, and in three Drink trades 1,686.

The Life Insurance Companies have everywhere answered it—any man who does not drink can get a cheaper policy than a man who does.

The great steel works of America have answered it; they will not have it in their shops, and the Carnegie Steel Works keeps all its promotions for abstainers.

Canada has answered it; the Prime Minister of Ontario, who was opposed to Prohibition, confessed after a year's experience that it had increased efficiency in every branch of industry in the Dominion, and

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one of the largest shipbuilders reports that it has cut down lost time by 80 per cent.

Australia has answered it; it has built its railway across the continent with total abstainers.

How can the greatest source of disease and weakness be necessary or good in a time like this? The whole facts of science and industry are against Drink. No man can be at his best who takes alcohol; no young and healthy man needs it any more than he needs chloroform. Yet to cover its surrender to this trade the Government has allowed it to go forth that Drink is necessary. Strange that the Prime Minister should long ago have thought it worse than U-boats; strange that the King should have led the way for Prohibition; strange that Lord Kitchener and the Admiralty should have begged that this trade might be stopped. Curious indeed that a Government that believes Drink necessary for our workmen should be teaching in all our schools that Drink cannot nourish our bodies.

But it is true, and the Government that told us in April that **Less Drink** was one of the most effective means of winning the war, tells us before the year is ended that one of the most effective means of winning the war is **More Drink**. Strange are the gods we worship.

The Alcohol Commission Bluff

Great indignation was aroused when the public came to realise that, though there were stored away in bond 157,000,000 gallons of spirits, most of it not allowed to be drunk for years, the Government refused to draw on this supply for the alcohol needed for munitions.

These 157,000,000 gallons of spirits are among the most precious stores a nation at war can have; it might be said, indeed, that here was one of the rare examples of our preparedness for war. But it was too good to be true. This alcohol must not be used for helping men to win the war; it was wanted for losing the peace when the men come home. So, to guard the hoard of this trade, new alcohol is made at an enormous cost of food.

Moved at last to look into the matter the Government appointed a Commission. Here was a great opportunity for scientific investigation, an opportunity to save a thousand tons of food a day while the Food Economy Campaign was raging. A chemist or two on this Commission, a great captain of industry like Lord Leverhulme, one or two industrial experts, and the thing was done. But the Government of Lost Opportunities lost one more. Once more it was the game of bluff, for

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there was not a single chemist, not a single industrial expert, not a scientist on this all-important Commission; and **eight members out of twelve were drink trade representatives.**

It is one of the most callous cynicisms of the war, and it has its perfect end in the decision the Commission came to—that it was not in the national interest to use this vast hoard of munitions for winning the war.

The Yeast Bluff

What is the excuse for this Pro-German hoarding up of alcohol, and this destruction of grain to make new alcohol? It is said that all this hideous thing must be maintained because we must have yeast.

The facts about yeast are these. We do not use brewers' yeast for bread, and if all the breweries closed tomorrow it need not touch a single baker. As for distillers' yeast, we want about 90 tons a day, and a country that has ships for bringing in alcohol, that can import 550 tons of rum in one day for use in 1920, could find room for ninety tons of yeast for our children's bread. We are making bread of potatoes in place of the grain the brewers and distillers are destroying, but if the government is so fond of potatoes let it turn them into yeast and save the grain that it now destroys to bolster up this brewers' hoard. But the truth is that we can make bread without yeast at all by setting up a fraction of the machinery we have set up for the war.

It is ridiculous to say that we must destroy grain to make bread. Are we asked to believe that America has no yeast? Yet she has stopped the making of whisky and commandeered all stores in bond. One would think there had never been a Prohibition country; one would think there was no use for alcohol except to ruin nations. The fact is that this thing we make a curse is a mighty blessing for mankind. It will win the war for us if we make it our slave; it will bring us to disaster if we let it be our master. We can get all the yeast we want by using alcohol properly instead of drinking it, and it is an infamous perversion of the facts to suggest that this trade must exist, with all its destruction and ruin, to give us bread. There has been nothing so wild as that since a Chinaman burned down his house to roast a pig.

The Food Economy Bluff

A visitor to the earth from another world, calling at our Ministry of Food, would imagine that the British Government was in desperate earnest about economy. He would find our Food Economists like whirl-

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winds of energy, working from morning till night to get us all to eat a little less. But was ever such a farce outside a theatre?

We could hardly last till the harvest, we were told, but we could afford to turn mountains of food into beer. We are not likely to believe we are short of food when every day we throw enough away to feed the British Army. You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but not even a Food Controller can fool all the people all the time. They tried it in the summer, they try it in the winter, but our people understand. They are not to be persuaded to go hungry by the pleading of a Government that flings away food. When the ship of State is in rough seas, a nation does not like commanders who burn the lifebelts and throw straws to drowning men.

But there was something more than farce in the semi-solemn Proclamation sent out by the Government in the name of the King. The frankness of the Proclamation as from the King was incontestable, but as from the Government it was pure hypocrisy. The King was asking the nation to do what he himself has done; the Government was asking the nation to do what the Government has not the courage to do. Read the words again:

We, being persuaded that the abstention from all unnecessary consumption of grain will furnish the surest and most effectual means of bringing the war to a speedy and successful termination, do exhort and charge all heads of households to abandon the use thereof **IN ALL OTHER ARTICLES THAN BREAD.**

So the words rang through our churches last summer, and a mighty effect they would have had from a Government in earnest. May we not still call upon Lord Rhondda and Sir Arthur Yapp to put the mark of sincerity on this document, and to send across the road to Downing Street a Proclamation in this wise:

We, the Ministry of Food for the United Kingdom, being persuaded that the King's Proclamation is wise and true and in the highest interests of the nation, do exhort and charge all heads of Governments TO OBEY IT.

The nation would begin to believe in a Government which believed in itself.

Think of the fiddling things this Government does. It leaves this trade to destroy its mountains of food, and stops the little *Kew Bulletin* which helps food growers all over the world at a cost of a few pounds a year. It sends out notices to schools calling upon children through the exercise of self-control, to restrict consumption of bread, and the official circular to the teacher adds: "Scholars are aware of the great sugar shortage. They do not seem to be aware that there is an equal shortage

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of flour." Probably not; they learn at school what beer is made of. A Government so resourceful will no doubt readily adopt the suggestion made in the *Times* the other day, that Silver Cups should be offered to towns that eat less. **They might be used for drinking more.** It was the *Times* that suggested long ago that we should hide food in the shops—on the principle that if we do not see our food we shall not want it—so that even advertising food must stop. But nobody seems to have been taking down public-house signs. Coming into London the other day I counted the appeals to buy somebody's beer or whisky, and there were 99 in ten minutes. Where can we stand in England now without being asked to drink more and eat less?

They are beginning a new Food Economy Campaign. They wound up the last by giving the brewers more beer; they have begun the new one by giving the brewers more beer and cheaper. Let us look at their proposition: **To win the war, eat less and help the trade that is hindering the war.** It is doubtless true that only a minority of this nation are idiots, but it is certainly true that that is an admirable proposition to put to them.

The world is getting hungry. There is not enough food to go round. Will any sane man in the future believe that at a time like this our Government allowed our brewers to destroy 600,000 tons of grain a year? We need have had no bread famine had we stopped Drink: if we stop it in the morning we shall save more than enough bread to feed the British Army. We should save more bread by a stroke of the pen than by all this propaganda up and down the land. Mr. Kennedy Jones swept the United Kingdom to save a few crumbs, and he did well; but **for every two bread rations he saved the brewers destroyed three.** It will be the same again. A little saving every day, says Sir Arthur Yapp, means the difference between defeat and victory. Then, in Victory's name, let the brewers get out of the way. Why is it that they must drag us everlastingly towards defeat? Why is it that, with every decent trade in Britain doing its best to help Sir Arthur Yapp, this trade that destroys our food is sheltered and protected by every Government that comes and goes?

One thing is plain. They found extra food this year for racing and extra food for drinking, and if we have food for drinking and gambling, we have food for little children. Either there is plenty of food and the Government is scaring the nation, or there is not enough food and the Government is helping Germany. There is no way out of that, and

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in the name of decent things, in the name of honour and the cause we fight for, our people have the right to know the truth.

The Tonnage Bluff

No man knows our shipping better, or has striven more nobly in the service of the nation, than Sir Joseph Maclay; and all the reading world knows the wide knowledge, and public capacity of his representative in Parliament, Sir Leo Chiozza Money. The Shipping Controller has done his utmost to rescue our ships from Drink, but again and again it has been seen how effectively this trade has its hand on the wheel.

The Food Controller cannot guarantee supplies for lack of ships, the Shipping Controller pleads in vain for the release of tonnage used for our food-destroyers, but the Drink ships are with us always. Who is it that stands in the way of our Food and Shipping Controllers? It is Drink and those who quail before it. In the fourth year of the war our mine-sweepers are sweeping the seas to make room for ships bringing in Drink that cannot be wanted for years. We were told it should not be. Again and again we were assured tonnage should not be used except for dire necessities, and hops and rum were under special Prohibition. Now the nation could rest quietly about these things. Well, you may bluff the public, but you cannot bluff this trade. It has its way every time. It does not matter what they say in Parliament; this stuff pours in.

What are the facts about rum? We know that hundreds of thousands of gallons of rum arrived in the summer and autumn of 1917, months after the Prime Minister's assurance that it had been totally stopped.

What are the facts about hops? The only thing we know for certain is that they were prohibited long ago, and that since the Prohibition at least 600,000 cubic feet have been imported, and hundreds of tons exported.

What are the facts about gin? We do not know that either, but we know that 24,000 gallons of gin were carried on our ships during three weeks of the Food Economy Campaign last summer.

Let us see at a glance some of the uses to which we put our precious tonnage in nine months of 1917, while the submarines were sinking 1,600 of our ships.

Our Ships brought in—hundreds of thousands of gallons of rum not wanted till 1920; thousands of casks of whisky not wanted till 1920; brewers' vats not wanted at all; great quantities of hops.

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Our Ships took out—250,000 barrels of beer; 490,000 gallons of wine; 4,900,000 gallons of spirits; 7,700 tons of barley; 516 tons of hops.

The Drink stuff exported in our ships in the first nine months of 1917 has totaled over 40,000 tons. The barley alone that we have exported for Drink during the war has been over 100,000 tons. It would have fed the whole United Kingdom for over a week.

Perhaps it will help to have a little diary of some of the shipping for luxuries while U-boats were sinking our ships every day. It covers nine months of 1917, when the submarine menace was at its height:

Jan.-Sept.	Forty thousand tons of spirits exported.
February	The stocks of rum being enough for years, it was announced that rum was totally stopped.
March	A ship arrived with no room for materials for which the Ministry of Munitions were waiting, but delivering huge brewers' vats.
April	The rum quay at the Docks was too crowded for the Customs to examine the casks.
May	A ship arrived with 150,000 gallons of rum.
August	Steamers engaged solely in bringing in molasses for distilling; Shipping Controller says he would welcome their release.
September	Two ships arrive with hundreds of tons of rum.
October	Ships sail with thousands of casks of whisky for America, and bring them back, America refusing to take them in.

It is a curious commentary on the solemn professions of the Government. There are, of course, legitimate explanations of exports, but there can be no excuse for exporting food from these islands now. It would be assuring to know, also, why, with the ordinary Drink Traffic straining our shipping at the rate of a million tons a year, there should be set aside for the bottles and casks of its finished products an extra thousand tons a week. If we have no ships for food and paper, where do our brewers get them from? Clearly the things that are said about ships are akin to the things they say of food.

So this book could be filled with the bluffs and bogies with which this trade is bolstered up in times like these. Well we may ask if anybody knows the subtle depths to which this trade can reach! Where are we? And where is truth? It seems, alas! much deeper than the bottom of a well.

Camouflage

It was the Prime Minister who told us that the House of Commons quailed before a band of brewers and distillers; he has lived to see his Government quail. He who told us that Drink was losing the war has lived to tell us that Drink is needed to win the war. There is no other conclusion to be drawn from the bolstering up of this trade with the people's food.

What has happened? What has turned this drink trade from an enemy worse than Germany into a friend of the Allies? It is camouflage.

One of the great little things of the war is camouflage. It is the art and science of deceiving. Camouflage covers up a gun with bits of grass and trees, and paints a cart wheel in amazing colors. With camouflage things are not what they seem.

Nothing could be better at the Front than this device for hiding realities from the enemy, but it has not been so successful at home, either in the House of Commons or out. The camouflage that hides the truth is too clumsy and transparent, and everywhere we see the tragedy behind the farce. It is the tragedy of a Government of brave words and feeble deeds, a Government afraid to lose the war yet afraid to win, knowing that one bold stroke would bring new strength, new hope, and new enduring power, but fearing to strike the blow.

We all know the camouflage of the front page of a company prospectus; we find something of it in the new Journal of the Ministry of Food. The full importance of the front page is given to the solemn statements that are supposed to frighten simple people, and we read there that "the gravity of the position cannot well be over-stated." But in the back pages of the same paper the fact is hidden that, while there is not enough to eat, the brewers are permitted to destroy an extra 45,000 tons of food-stuff.

There is the camouflage of National Campaigns, intended to convey the appearance of tremendous Government efforts to save our food and money and man-power, and we deal with these in other pages. There is the camouflage of Parliamentary answers in the House of Commons, conveying a soothing consolation to a House which does not probe too deeply into facts. Let us take only one or two examples of Parliamentary camouflage.

CAMOUFLAGE

- Glucose is Food** —Royal Society to the Government, January, 1917
Glucose is not Food —Sir George Cave to House of Commons, July 5, 1917
Malt is not Food —Lord Milner to the House of Lords, March, 1917
Malt is Food —Captain Bathurst to the House of Commons
Malt is good for nothing but brewing —Sir George Cave
Malt is used for food, aeroplanes, and munitions —Mr. Clynes
The Stocks of rum are so great that imports have been totally stopped
—The Prime Minister's assurance, February, 1917
Rum ships were still arriving in September —London Dock Records
Ships are to be used strictly and entirely for essential purposes
—Government assurance to the House of Commons, April, 1917
The Shipping Controller would welcome the release of ships used for alcohol
—Sir Leo Chiozza Money, August, 1917
Brewer's sugar is unfit to be used for domestic consumption
—Government statement repeatedly made in the House of Commons
Brewer's sugar is to be regarded as of four-fifths of the value of ordinary sugar
—Government Order, October 12, 1917

The fact is that we are told what the Government wants us to believe: if we were told the full truth about drink the very stones would rise and mutiny. The suppression of the facts about drink come to be almost a science in these few years. An instance occurs as this book goes to press. There is no more distinguished servant of the nation than Sir Arthur Newsholme, the Chief M. O. H. for the United Kingdom, and a Blue Book just issued on National Health Insurance, giving the cause of mortality and disease among children, says that Dr. Newsholme's reports have become classics. So they have. It is all the more extraordinary, therefore, that this same Blue Book, citing him, omits drink from the causes he gives of the slaughter of child-life. Camouflage could hardly fall lower than that.

The Great Profiteer

The curse that hangs about the war is the vested interest in it. Like a nightmare across the sleep of Europe stalks the Profiteer, and the greatest profiteer in Britain is the Drink Trade.

The great fact never to be forgotten is that, in proportion to the energy put forth and the money paid to labour, the Drink Trade has made more money out of hindering the war than any trade in the United Kingdom has made out of helping the war.

Some give their sons, some give their hopes, some give all they have; but as for this trade, it shall give up nothing. It makes more profit out of 14,000,000 barrels than it made out of 26,000,000, and still it gets back its taxes. All over the country you will meet little shopkeepers ruined by the war, but this trade, which has been helping Germany since war began, has never lost a penny through war. It has doubled its takings; it has turned the bitter necessities of these days into profit and the blood of heroes into gold. The prolongation of the war, for which it is more responsible than any other trade in Britain, has been its golden harvest.

No intelligent man needs to be told that the State receives no revenue from this trade; the State uses this trade, with all its devastating power, to collect taxation from our people; that is all. Every penny of revenue coming through this trade is paid by the people in excess of the market value of the things they buy. Since the war began drink has lured from our people's pockets about £700,000,000, enough to have paid the whole cost of the war for those first hundred days which ensured the victory for the free armies of Europe. Some of this money has gone to the State, but hundreds of millions of it have enriched our brewers and distillers almost beyond their dreams.

It might be questioned if, in the whole history of unpatriotic finance, the world has seen a more shameless piece of profiteering than the exploitation of that great Hoard of Munitions in the possession of our distilleries. The story is told on page 41, and it means that a fortune, which can hardly be less than £200,000,000 at this moment, has been made out of the destruction of 12 weeks' food for the whole United Kingdom.

That is abnormal profiteering, but the ordinary profits of the Drink Trade have been no less remarkable.

In 1917 the profits of Guinness's breweries went up £1,000 a day, the profits of Watney's went up £1,000 in every three days; Bass's and Barclay Perkins increased by £1,000 a week. Holt's of Birmingham

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doubled their profits under the heavy restrictions. "Not bad," exclaims the *Toronto Globe* about these figures; "the liquor traffic goes on in Britain unafraid and unashamed."

It is a grave slander on Labour to say that it will betray us to Germany if we take away its beer. What Labour is tired of is profiteering in the war. The whole world knows it; and the day the Government stops profiteering it will put a stop to Labour Unrest. Even the *Times* has begun to complain of profiteering in beer. It has given a hundred times more space to the snivelling about the high price of beer than to the crusade for getting rid of this pro-German trade. We have seen miners' meetings passing resolutions not to drink beer until prices came down. (Strange, by the way, that men who stop drinking when you put up the price, should start a revolution if you put up the shutters!) Labour is not impressed by this Government's patronage of a trade which doubles its profits on half its output; it does not like to see that Guinness's Brewery in one year of war makes hundreds of thousands of pounds more profit than the extra allowance we give for the war to all the Old Age Pensioners in the United Kingdom.

The Drink Trade talks of its war troubles, but for them the war is too good to last. All the extra taxes put on the trade since the war began have been paid by the public, and all the extra taxation put on the trade for twenty years has been paid by adding water. Yet this trade, luring from our people £200,000,000 in a single year, could plead a tale of woe so touching that the Treasury gave it back last year £1,000,000 in taxation.

We do not wonder that a Government so subservient to this trade has been willing to be blackmailed by its tap-room slanders of our working-men. It is one of the sinister signs of these terrible times that our Government does not seem to want to know the truth about this trade; and, as for the people, the truth is too incredible for them to believe. Who will believe, for example, this single fact? Four-fifths of this trade's material is water. There is probably not a water company anywhere that has seriously raised the price of water during the war; but the brewers have raised it four or five times over and this great profiteering trade has charged our people several times more for water since the war began than all the water companies of the United Kingdom.

Drink prolongs the War. Every year the War is prolonged means half-a-crown more a week forever from every home in the United Kingdom.

The Drink Trade and the Allies

More than ever the Allies are depending on Britain. It is their great Power base. If we fail, all fails.

Is it nothing to the Allies that Britain fights the common foe, as her Prime Minister has said, hampered by an enemy worse than Germany? The Prime Minister of Ontario tells us that Prohibition has made Canada like a new nation. What would it be worth to the Allies for this new strength to come to Britain too? We have done wonders, but if we have done that with the Drink brake on, what untold wonders might we do with the Drink brake off?

We have effected enormous savings of transport in distributing coal, and the railway stock sent out to France in consequence has helped to quicken up the war. It would have speeded up the war still more could we have saved the transport waste in distributing beer. We have released fighting men for the Italian Front by tightening up at home; we could have released still more men from this country by tightening up this trade. "By eating less bread," says Lord Rhondda, "we are setting free shipping to enable America to bring her military strength into play on the battlefields of Europe." But Prohibition would release a million tons of shipping for the whole of 1918, to bring from America materials and men.

But what shall we say of the humiliation that has befallen this country in this fourth year of the war, with this trade still standing in the path of victory? We see our country appealing to the Empire and the Allies to save us from this Drink Trade's power to starve us. We have beaten the power of the submarines to do it; we are asking our Allies to defend us from the enemy at home. Natal is sending us 10,000 tons of food. If she sends it in barley it will last this trade six days. If fifty other parts of the Empire will follow her example they will defeat the brewer's chance of starving us.

But who does not blush to see the effort of America and Canada to feed these islands, while once a week we throw the nation's food away in Drink? Lord Northcliffe has told us that the food situation in Germany and Austria is better than a year ago, but we know that the outlook for the Allies is worse, yet we throw increasing quantities of bread and sugar to this trade. "No man in his senses," said Mr. Lloyd George, "would sacrifice the food of this country for any Drink," but his brave words are not followed by brave deeds; and the appalling destruction in breweries goes on unchecked. While the harvests of the world are

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failing, we give our brewers more; while the Board of Agriculture is warning us that the danger point will come next spring, the Ministry of Food throws thousands of tons more barley to the wolves.

The harvests of America and Canada stand between the United Kingdom and famine. Lord Rhondda calls on America to bring the atonement of the *Lusitania* a bit nearer by eating less food and sending us more. They need have no fear, he says, that we shall waste their sacrifices by undue consumption here; and then he flings nearly 45,000 tons of extra food into our brewers' vats. "More than ever," says the Ministry of Food, "we are thrown upon the North American Continent for our food, and unless the Allies in Europe can import supplies for their armies and peoples, victory may slip from our grasp." Lord Northcliffe is more emphatic still; he tells Canada that unless she saves bread as vigorously as we do, we may have to cut down the rations of our soldiers. Is it true that our brewers are destroying the food for which soldiers in the trenches may one day ask in vain? Shall we be supposed to hold up our heads while our Government starves our troops to bolster up our brewers? Since when has this nation begged for economy in other lands to save itself the trouble? Do we owe nothing to our Allies? Have we no dignity to preserve in our dealings with them? We appeal to the English-speaking race for food—to that race which everywhere in America and Australasia has flung this food-destroying trade out of its armies and fleets and munition shops; we ask the Prohibition States of America to save bread for our brewers, and to lend us money while we spend hundreds of millions on Drink; and every hour the clock strikes we fling 100 tons of food to this trade that America is kicking from her gates. It is the deliberate choice of a Government faced with a shortage of food that is causing grave anxiety to the Allies.

As this book is being written there comes to England an appeal from the Government of Italy for succour for her people. Italy, recovering from her blow, must have more food, and we remember these words of Mr. Lloyd George that every bit of food we save relieves the drain on the reservoir that France and Italy have both to draw upon. Then by what right do our brewers take 600,000 tons of grain a year from this reservoir on which our Allies have first claim? Is America to save food to strengthen Italy and France, for our brewers to intercept it here? It is not thus that Allied wars are won. "We have pooled our honour," says Sir Edward Carson, and we like that word. Let us turn it into a deed.

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Lord Rhondda wires to Toronto that we look to the resources of Canada and the indomitable energy of the United States to shatter Germany's threat of starvation, but what sort of treachery is it that takes these resources—enormous quantities of bread and sugar, the labour of a multitude of men, the services of ships and trains and coal-mines—and flings them to our food destroyers? The military policy of America puts the brewer beyond the pale: is it the deliberate purpose of the British Government to scorn this policy of strength, to care no more for the ideas of America than it cares for the ideas of Canada, and to turn the product of America's soil to uses America forbids at home?

There would seem to be no limit to the things this trade can do. While all the Allied world rejoices in the coming on of the United States, in the sight of the Great Republic putting off her weaknesses and putting on new strength, a brewery company with English directors and an office in London have sent out, from Bush Lane House, in Cannon Street, a letter whining that the State of Indianapolis has stopped "the sale, manufacture, advertisement, or distribution in any way of alcoholic liquors," and that it is a very serious thing for their shareholders. They promise that every step will be taken to fight the question and to test the legality of this decision of the Indianapolis Parliament; so that we have the interesting spectacle of the directors of a brewery company in London interfering with the war-winning policy of America. We may imagine what America will say from the fact that she sends back our whisky ships without unloading them, and sends General Pershing to fight in France with an army of teetotallers, and without a teaspoonful of rum in all their trenches.

Only time can show how deadly is the blow this Drink Trade has dealt in these days at the unity and strength of the British Empire, but we know that there has risen in Canada a storm that makes an Englishman ashamed to think what we have done. We have seen the sowing of seed in this country that unto the third and fourth generation will bear its bitter fruit far off in our Dominions. We have seen Canadians thanking God that their men will go back to a clean Dominion, with a chance to recover from the ruin of our camps. It is a bitter thing, but it is not the worst of all, for we have seen an English judge hoping that an Allied soldier, ruined in our canteens, would **get a chance in a Prohibition Army**. Such is the price we pay for Drink.

Italy's Cry for Food

The Italian Food Controller, after the German advance in the mountains, hurried to England in search of food supplies for the Italian people.

If he had been allowed to go into our breweries he would have found 650,000 tons of bread and sugar in course of destruction for a year's beer.

How precious this would be to our Italian Allies this appeal of Signor Crespi shows:

We have a definite agreement with Great Britain for the supply of foodstuffs, and it is more for temporary assistance than for a change in this agreement that I have come here. The regrettable advance of the Austrians has lost to us supplies destined for the Army. The soldiers and refugees have to be fed, and this places an extra drain upon our resources which we find very difficult to meet. It is to cope with this drain that I have come to Great Britain for assistance.

THERE ARE 650,000 TONS OF FOOD SET ASIDE IN OUR BREWERIES FOR 1918.

IT CAN STILL BE SAVED.

SHALL IT GO TO OUR ALLIES OR TO OUR TAPROOMS?

Hiding the Facts From the Empire

Drink throws its shadow across our Motherland; it creeps across our path and we dare not stop it, yet we dare not let the Empire know the truth about this thing. Not only our food does this Parasite threaten, but the liberty of thought of the Empire.

The facts about Drink and the war have been plainly put before the people in *Defeat or Victory?* and *The Fiddlers*. More than half a million copies of these books are now in circulation. They are read freely in the United Kingdom, and the Government has not contested them. It is hardly possible for the Government to challenge books based largely on official information. The books are true and the facts are undeniable.

It has seemed worth while, however, to stop the circulation of these books outside the United Kingdom; we do not want the world to know the power this Parasite has in the land. It was declared, therefore, that *Defeat or Victory?* should not be sent outside these islands. The ban came too late, however, to be entirely effective, and from Africa, Canada, and Australasia came a storm of protest against the law which forbade the Dominions to read a book that was freely read at home. Publishers

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at the Cape, Toronto, New South Wales, and Wellington sought permission to print editions of their own; but neither in South Africa nor in Canada was the book allowed to be reprinted, and in Canada both books were prohibited.

We had the extraordinary situation, therefore, that these two books, circulating freely in the United Kingdom, in the United States and in Australia, were forbidden in Canada under a law which makes it a crime to possess them. A minister in Calgary has been tried for preaching from *Defeat or Victory?* and the penalty for having these books in a library in Canada is a fine of £1,000 and imprisonment for five years. A Canadian may cross the border into the United States, and read the American edition, published by the Westerville Press, Westerville, Ohio, but he may pay for his liberty with imprisonment if he takes the book home.

The tide of indignation at an act which kept a Prohibition book out of a Prohibition land spread rapidly, and the matter was frequently raised in the Dominion House of Commons. It suited a lying paper called the *Toronto Saturday Night* to describe these books as the work of a German agent, but we may gauge public feeling in the Dominion from such a famous paper as the *Toronto Globe* which declared that everybody in Canada was wanting to read *The Fiddlers*, and addressed these impressive words to the Dominion Government:

Is Canada a self-governing Dominion? Are the Canadian people intellectual infants and moral weaklings? Or are they grown men in a world of men? Who or what is behind the Censorship? Is there back of Canadian officialdom a Liquor Traffic interest that is more concerned about the liquor now threatened in Britain than about the welfare of the many thousands of Canadian soldiers in British military camps who are in very serious peril, every day and every night, by reason of hideous immoralities?

An awkward situation arose in the Dominion Parliament when it was found that every member of the House had *The Fiddlers* in his possession, and was, therefore, subject to the penalty, and the Prime Minister hoped the penalty would be suspended until he had looked through his copy. In a formal debate a Liberal leader moved that the ban be lifted from *The Fiddlers*, which he described as a powerful indictment of the liquor traffic. But the Government refused to lift the ban, declaring that the book was a libel on Canadian troops. There is no foundation for that statement. All the statements made in *The Fiddlers* concerning Canada are given with authority.

The plain fact is that the Canadian Government in its great wisdom

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trained its young manhood in Prohibition camps. They came over here, hundreds of thousands strong, and found Drink everywhere. It is impossible, with this Parasite creeping through every street and village of this land, to keep our troops free from Drink in camp or out, and so the young manhood of Canada found itself surrounded by canteens and taprooms. For thousands of these men the clean life they had lived in the sober Dominion was humanly impossible. A doctor from a Canadian hospital declared that a large percentage of the men from this hospital had been sent back to Canada permanently insane from alcohol, and it is supposed to be this statement which the Government described as libellous. It was made on oath in an English court of law, and every case given in *The Fiddlers* has that kind of definite authority behind it.

What has happened is part of the policy of suppressing the Prohibition crusade, and there is clearly a reason why Canada should not know the truth about our liquor traffic. She chose to keep her manhood free from alcohol; she sent her half-million men to fight for us, understanding that they should be free from Drink. It was the only condition that Canada made when she gave up her sons for the Motherland. But Drink has struck its blow at Canada, and we have broken the word of the Canadian Government to its people. We handed the Canadian Army over to the Drink canteens; we deliberately reversed the policy of the Canadian Government with its troops, and we did it without consulting Canada. We know what Canada thinks from the *Toronto Globe*, the most famous paper in the Dominion, which says:

The thing cannot be justified. It is the blackest tragedy of this whole war that, in fighting for freedom in Europe, the free sons of the British breed have to face this war-time record of waste at home with its inevitable toll of debauchery and crime.

The tragedies of the Canadian camps are enough to break any heart not made of steel. We will not give them here: it will be enough to say that the truth about Drink is so bad that it must be withheld from the Canadian people. We are conducting the greatest war of freedom in the history of mankind, and well may we ask if liberty is truly the end of all these things.

What the British Empire will not stand is the smashing of its birth-right. Is the Defence of the Realm Act really to be reduced to the depth of becoming the Defence of the Drink Trade Act? Is this trade really to enjoy the protection we give to the Army? Are free Canadians to be imprisoned unless they burn a book which is freely read in England?

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If this is the price we are to pay for proclaiming the truth about Drink there are ten thousand thousand Britons who will know the reason why.

Is it imagined that you can keep this ghastly truth from Canada? She knows it well. She has trained nearly 500,000 men in Prohibition camps, but what have we done with them? We have flung them into Drink camps. We have taught thousands to drink who never drank before, and only God and the mothers of Canada know how many we have turned into drunkards or lunatics, or creatures worse than either, through Drink.

A Canadian boy enlisted from a teetotal home, he was trained in a Prohibition camp, he came to England in a Prohibition ship; all the way Canada guarded him from Drink. Then, led astray by Drink in our wet canteens, he contracted a horrible disease and was ordered home. But he dare not meet his mother, he dare not face the girl he was to marry, and he blew out his brains. "Had I known what he was going to face in England," said his father, "rather than let him go I would have strangled him with my own hands." Is it imagined that we can silence that father, and keep the truth of things like that from Canada? Whole pages of *The Fiddlers* are filled with them, and to end things like this she kept Drink from her camps and stopped it almost from sea to sea.

We cannot stop this ghastly truth from going round the world. All the world knows that the attempt to keep Drink from the Canadians failed because beer ran so freely in our taprooms that it was useless to stop it in our camps. The condition of England is such that the clean life of the Canadian soldiers at home is made impossible here by a parasite trade.

What will happen when Canadian fathers begin to go to prison for reading of the dangers their boys have faced in the Motherland? Is it worth while, for the sake of this Drink trade, to stifle the liberty of the fathers and mothers and wives who sent their men to Vimy Ridge? It has come at last, not only to Beer or Bread? but to Drink or Liberty? and if we are to win the war, or to deserve to win, there is only one answer a nation can give to a question like that. Not only the United Kingdom, not only Canada and the Empire, not only the Allies, but all the clean and decent world is looking to see whether Drink will beat our War Council or our War Council will beat Drink. It is the test of our courage and our power to win the war, and there is not much time to lose.

Note—As this book is in the press, there comes from Australia ominous news

UPON US AT HOME

of the far-reaching influence behind the powers that bolster up Drink. *Defeat or Victory?* and *The Fiddlers*, widely circulated in the Commonwealth and New Zealand, have now apparently been placed under the ban of the War Precautions Regulations, by which no statements likely to cause dissatisfaction to His Majesty, or public alarm, are permitted. In the Commonwealth Parliament on September 21, 1917, the Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, declared that the Government had suppressed *The Fiddlers* and that the quotation of certain passages would be an offence under the War Precautions Regulations. Even beyond this length the official ban runs in Australia, however, for, Senator Gardiner, Opposition Leader, having read a considerable portion of *The Fiddlers* in the Senate, an effort was made to expunge his quotations from the official records. The attempt to mutilate Hansard was evidently not successful, however.

The relation of the British Dominions to the Crusade against the enemy greater than Germany is a matter entirely for our fellow-citizens overseas, but it may well be asked if we are fighting to spread liberty throughout the world or to suppress it.

Advice of the War Savings Committee

Act as if your income were suddenly reduced. Smoke less. Cut your Drink Bill down. Travel less. Walk to the office. Wear old ties and boots. Do your own washing and baking.

Advice of the Government DRINK WINES INSTEAD OF BEER

Upon Us at Home

To those who believe profoundly in the English-speaking race the stage at which we have arrived in the war brings cause for grave misgiving. We must go on to the bitter end. We owe it to our living and our dead to break the accursed power that has brought the world to this. The British Army is sound; it is the incomparable army of the world. We have had our failures, some of them heart-breaking, but the greatest success of the war is the British soldier. He is doing his work; he will see it through. But what of us who sleep safely in our beds at home? The soldier in the trenches depends upon the man behind the line. If they fail he fails, and all his superb courage is as naught.

And so it is true that every man and woman behind the line, as far back as the farthest factory and the smallest kitchen, is a helper or a hinderer in the war. Whoever gets in the way of winning the war is for Germany. We can quicken it up and hasten victory, or we can take our ease and our pleasures and let the war slow down. And the plain truth about Drink, that no man can deny, is that it slows down the war.

A slow war means that the blinds are down in thousands of homes which might be saved this last bitter blow; it means that thousands of men come back crippled who might come home with their full powers; it means that this country, when she sits around the Council Table mak-

THE PARASITE

ing peace, will be weaker instead of stronger, with a smaller voice than she should have in that great decision that is to save the world. A slow war means, moreover, a growing danger of an enemy peace. We talk of Boloism, but the millions spent on Drink in this country every week are the most effective Boloism that can be conceived. They make it harder and harder for us to go on. Every act of hesitation, every doubt and fear, everything that weakens Britain, is now the enemy of mankind.

And so it falls upon us, we who, of all the European fighting nations, have suffered least through the war, to give new spirit, new strength, new vision to the Allied cause. We have come to an hour unparalleled in our history, when an individual in the nation counts more than ever before. If Sir Ronald Ross, in that hour when he found the author of malaria under his microscope, had decided that malaria should go on and that men should try to cure it and control it instead of stamping out its source, he would have had upon his conscience the doom of millions of lives. Is there not now upon this nation a stain like that?

The strength of a country lies in those citizens who play the man in its hour of need. Hannibal beat Rome again and again, but the spirit of his people failed him, and he fell. Shall we be shamed at home, we with our safety and our luxury, by those appalling sacrifices that every little soldier makes? Our strength out there cannot endure the strain of our luxury here. It is an evil and an infamy to throw on our armies and our fleet the intolerable strain of this parasite trade, like a dead weight on the entire resources of the nation—physical, financial, mental, moral, spiritual, military, naval. We have come to the hour when we must decide whether we will give up luxury for victory, whether we will really do our best and out utmost to win the war, or whether we will be content with a Government afraid of an enemy within that sends our noblest manhood to fight an enemy without. Doubt, hesitation, fear, in these islands are shameful now, but to play with enemies is treason. It is treason to the living; it is treason to the dead.

What a nation sows, that shall it also reap. We cannot sow defeat and reap in victory. We robbed our men of shells rather than stop Drink in 1915, and it is largely the shell famine that has put the war where it is. Now we rob our people of food rather than stop Drink, and the food famine, if it comes, will do what the shell famine could not do. Our men could stand the shortage of shells; they faced the guns and died. But when hunger comes there is nothing before us but a premature peace. Are we willing to pay that price for Drink?

Look round the battle fronts, and we see the enemy renewing his strength. There are deeper waters for the Allies yet. Is it nothing to us that all this time, while Russia falls and Italy reels and the shadow of famine is creeping over Britain, our Government fears to stop our luxuries at home?

More than any other cause Drink throws across our path a trail of doubt and fear. It weakens us and breaks our power and resolution.

UPON US AT HOME

Food is to win the war, and we fling the munitions of victory into a brewer's vat. We cling to Drink in spite of all. The peace for which the whole world yearns must be put off, but Drink must not stop. We will lengthen the war rather than stop Drink. We will ask children to go hungry rather than stop Drink. We will stop the very source of our strength before we stop this source of our weakness. This everlasting fight against it on one hand, this indulgence in it on the other—is it forever to go on in a land at war? Is Drink to be the master-power, and, with freedom in the balances, to beat us all? Is it forever to be true?

There are ten million men on the battlefield of Europe. Does the thought of them lying there, the thought of all these broken hearts and shattered homes bequeathed by them to a fallen world, bring us back once more to those great heights of the autumn of 1914, when this race of Milton felt indeed that Paradise could almost be regained? There was nothing you could not have done with our people then. That hour may not come back again. We have played with great evils; we have seen our vision fading: but is it true that war-weariness is creeping over us, that we are settling down to these new conditions of the world? Who does not pray that in these all-decisive days there may arise among us once more that passionate patriotism, touched with a great emotion, which but yesterday Britain had and America has today? And who shall say that it may not come in some great act of sacrifice, the consecration of our lives and luxuries to the setting free of Europe from all these horrors that have come upon her?

Could we more nobly mark the entrance of the United States into the world arena? It is the birth of a new brotherhood of freedom, and it will be the enduring crown and glory of the English-speaking race when, together on the field of battle, their nations liberate mankind from all these devilries. Shall it be said of us then that Britain fought with less than all her strength, that she would not break with her habits of weakness to bring the dawn of peace upon the earth?

We sailed wherever ships could sail,
We founded many a mighty state.
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great!

We stand at the gate of the Liberation of Europe: We stand at the head of our race in its great hour. The stars in their courses are with them that do not fear, and underneath them are the Everlasting Arms.

